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### NOTES.

There can be no doubt there is a certain unrest in the public mind as to the course and conduct of the war. No one wants to be unreasonable, no one wants to be carping, but there are many things about it the lay mind would like to understand a little better. Of these one of the chief is the marvellous mobility of the Boers. Masses of them seem able to move from place to place long distances apart without being either detected or disturbed. Of course, we know they are practically a force of mounted infantry. This accounts for much; and their peculiar mode of movement may explain the rest. The Boer knows every inch of the country, almost every blade of grass; during peace-time he has little else to talk of. So that when it is resolved to move to another locality, they are simply told to be at such and such a place on a certain day. Thereupon they break up into small bodies of fours and fives, each taking his own route to the point of meeting. Thus they move with great rapidity, and cannot be met or intercepted en bloc while on the march. This difference between Boers and British suggests a similar difference between sailors and soldiers which showed itself during the Zulu war. A naval brigade and a certain regiment arrived at a river's banks. The colonel proceeded to give elaborate instructions as to pontoons, &c. The naval commander merely dismissed his men, telling them to fall in on the other side with the guns at a certain hour. They were there to time.

The commander of the 6th Division is after all not to be Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke—as was at first announced—but General Kelly-Kenny. No doubt the former—one of the ablest officers we have—could not be spared from the War Office, where, in a short time, he has proved himself one of the best Quartermaster-Generals of recent years. In fact he is one of the few who have personally gone into the elaborate and sometimes non-military details of that most important department. General Kelly-Kenny has the advantage of considerable regimental as well as staff experience. One great thing in his favour is that, unlike some of our leading Generals, he has commanded a battalion; but he has had no previous experience in South African campaigns, and has seen no war service for thirty years. Moreover his war experience even before that was not extensive. As a very young subaltern he took part in the China War of 1860, and he did good work in command of a division of the transport in the Abyssinian Campaign. But he has held some important posts, including that of Chief Staff Officer at Aldershot, and Instructor-General of Recruiting and Auxiliary

Forces. For a short time he commanded a brigade at Aldershot.

The Government has recently intimated to foreign nations that a state of war exists between ourselves and the Boer republics. That it was wise so to recognise them cannot be doubted. While there is now no necessity for belligerents formally to notify to each other that a state of war exists, it has long been the custom to notify the fact to neutrals. Primarily it is a matter of international courtesy, and it is as obligatory as such an act can be. As a necessary consequence of this intimation the right of search belongs to us—a fact which is of especial importance just now. The ocean belongs to all mankind and can be used by all. Consequently mercantile ships, when out of the territorial limits of particular States, are subject to the jurisdiction of their own. For a foreign man-of-war, therefore, to invade such a ship in peace-time is a trespass. Thus the right to do so on the high seas—whatever the ship, destination or cargo may be—is clearly an exception to the general right of independence and property which a State possesses.

The right of search is an incident of war; and, as such, cannot of course be exercised but by the lawfully commissioned cruisers of a belligerent. It does not extend to men-of-war, and it is matter of controversy whether it extends to the cases of mercantile vessels conveyed by their country's warships. To use force is a necessary complement of this right of uncertain limits; and although it is undoubtedly the duty of a neutral ship to submit, the belligerent must exercise his rights in a lawful manner, and must confine himself to such acts as are necessary for accomplishing his purpose. Hence the ship cannot be improperly detained, and the search can only be directed towards finding out what the ship is carrying. But in order to search, it may also be necessary to pursue a ship; in which case the intimation to stop is usually conveyed by the firing of a gun—called by us the affirming gun and by the French the *semonce*. Still to fire a gun is not obligatory. Any other intelligible signal will do, but it must be clear. In fact it must actually communicate the state of affairs to the neutral ship, or the belligerent will be responsible for any damage which may ensue.

Mr. McKinley's Message is a document colourless enough, giving no evidence either of courage or statesmanship, unless the evasion of definite statements of policy be dignified with that title. To the reflecting public in both hemispheres the present occasion seemed eminently one to call for clear pronouncements which might leave their mark on the history of the United States; instead we have "*verbosa et longa*

epistola" from the involved nothingness of which the expectant world has only succeeded in evolving a definite snub to English sentiment. The currency proposals of the President perhaps deserve more detailed attention than they can receive in a note, but they will not succeed in catching the entire sympathy even of the gold party. Like all Mr. McKinley's proceedings they are tentative, platitudinous and dull.

Mild expostulations with the rampant witch of mob violence which renders some portions of the States a veritable inferno for the black man and the foreigner, hardly seem an adequate method of dealing with such monstrous crimes by the head of the "Great Republic." It would be well if our traders paid some attention to the passage which refers to the growing commercial intercourse between America and Russia. American enterprise has already secured large contracts on the Siberian railway where the supineness of our own industrial magnates has already lost wide opportunities. Russian prejudice a short time ago was all in favour of our goods, but it looks as if we were doing our best to ignore our chances.

The only portion of the Message which will excite genuine interest all over the world is that which deals with the relations of England and the United States. Mr. Chamberlain's deplorable indiscretions have unfortunately tended to transform what would have been a negatively friendly utterance into a direct snub. The sentence "we have remained faithful to the precept of avoiding entangling alliances as to affairs not of direct concern," standing where it ought not and having no connexion with the context which precedes or follows it, is too clearly slipped in after last Friday to need comment. It is itself both text and commentary. We have done our best to point out to the sentimental faddists, who gush over the "Anglo-Saxon entente," that by their wanderings they have been jeopardising their own fondest hopes. President McKinley's cold douche will not do any harm to *them*, though it has served to make our Government ridiculous in the eyes of Europe.

We may repeat for the hundredth time that America will be friendly to us just so long as it suits her material interests to be. Hard-headed Yankees believe that our friendship for them will be of the same duration. The unsettled Alaskan boundary is proof enough that this view is correct. We are not going to throw over our Canadian "clients" to please the United States, nor will that Government offend its "clients" of the Pacific States, all vapourings notwithstanding. A good understanding with America will grow up as we recognise the identity of our commercial interests in many parts of the world. We value American goodwill, and precisely because we do value it we hope our enthusiasts will moderate a zeal which is rapidly making their country as well as themselves a laughing stock.

The President's utterances on the future of Cuba are discreetly oracular and sufficiently enigmatical to displease those who hold definite views on either side; but Mr. McKinley's views on the state of things arising from the war with Spain have never, so far as they have been delivered to the public, erred on the side of over-precision. But the pronouncement that "the relinquished territory is held by the United States in trust for the inhabitants," strikes us as a really felicitous phrase on which the President may be congratulated, and we commend it to all conquering Powers for purposes of proclamation in newly acquired territories. Mr. McKinley would have been better advised not to follow it up and weaken its charm by a reiteration of foolish pledges which facts will force him to ignore.

How often have our statesmen of both parties had to deplore promises in respect to Egypt—promises which events have made it impossible to keep. There has been no perfidy in the matter, but the fact that these promises have been made gives other nations every opportunity for asserting there has been. America will find the same outcry will arise about Cuba at the same time as she finds that circumstances render these grandiose formulæ about liberty and self-government impossible of application. Does any statesman seriously

believe that the Cubans can be educated for self-government? or that the capitalists who invest money there will see it handed over to a native administration? or that the President's phrase "so long as we control Cuba" can be allowed for strategical reasons to mean that such control can have an end?

As to the Philippines, we are glad to note that the President adopts a firmer tone. Seeing the tendency of public opinion in the United States and the results of the late State elections, he could not with ordinary prudence have done otherwise. It remains to be seen how far this admirable firmness in expression will be translated into equal firmness in action. It will be almost a shock to many people in this country to learn that the United States have as many as 65,000 troops all told in the Philippines. The progress of the war would hardly have led us to infer it. Every week has furnished us with news of the striking of the final blow which is to crush the revolt and end the war. Yet still the war goes on and more final blows are struck. Aguinaldo is a fugitive and all his munitions of war captured again and again, yet what end comes to this desultory strife?

It is indisputable that "the truest kindness to the insurgents would be the swift and effective defeat of their leader," but will the President find the general to administer it? Mr. McKinley has been emboldened by the recent elections to put his foot down on the ridiculous suggestion that the Philippines should be given independence. It may have been a mistake to take the Philippines over, but being done, the matter will have to be carried on to its logical conclusion, if the United States wish to retain their self-respect and that of the civilised world. At present that conclusion would seem to be a military dictatorship, but Mr. McKinley modestly declines to make suggestions on the subject. We have not sufficient faith in the wisdom of Congress to hope much from their activity, but it cannot at all events be much less satisfactory than the passivity of the President.

Since M. Waldeck-Rousseau gained the vote of confidence at the beginning of the Winter Session, his position has, as we predicted, grown steadily stronger. It is true that his enemies have had small chance of troubling him during the examination of the Budget, but even they have been heard to admit that he may "possibly" be in power on the opening of the Exhibition. This, for them, is an extraordinary statement; they had no doubt (during the Dreyfus debate) that he and his colleagues would fall after they had made their interpellations. Indifferent politicians accept the situation with relief. Although many of them regarded General Galliffet with horror and M. Waldeck-Rousseau with suspicion, they cannot but admit that both statesmen steered the country through an acute crisis with marked skill and tact, and so they are more or less content with the Government they have got. Still, as M. Jules Lemaitre remarks, "In France all things are possible." Former ministries have been defeated suddenly and over the slightest question, and it may come to pass that M. Waldeck-Rousseau, after triumphing over his enemies at a moment when triumph seemed almost impossible, will fall unexpectedly and to the surprise of even most practised politicians. We should regard his retirement as a misfortune; for if the Republic is to continue its reign in France, no better man than the present Premier could be found to conduct it.

Although the French press has not ceased to condemn England's campaign against the Boers, it is pleasing to note that even its basest members no longer indulge in the cowardly insults that aroused so much anger and indignation. The editors of the newspapers in question have recognised that the insults complained of do not suit the taste of their subscribers, and they have therefore abandoned them. The measure is wise, and does vast credit, also, to the French people. They have not been amused by the caricatures that were to have set them laughing—they found them pointless and in bad taste. And, if they bought them out of curiosity, they were the first to admit that they were a scandal and a disgrace.



This year's German Budget statement has just been published and as usual there is a steady increase in every department, the enormous total of 2,058,333,551 marks in expenditure being now reached. It is true that this is only something over £100,000,000, but it must always be remembered in German finance that each State has its own budget and sometimes a pretty stiff one over and above the Imperial charges. The army the navy and the colonies each constitute a heavy and increasing burden on the Exchequer, those useless possessions in South-West Africa and South-East Africa alone swallowing up some fourteen millions. The total revenue is nearly 80,000,000 marks short of the revenue and a further loan of 76,000,000 will have to be issued. In view of the necessity now so much discussed of promoting English emigration to the Cape in order to balance the Dutch preponderance there, it is interesting to observe that loans of 3,000 to 4,000 marks free of interest are being offered to colonists who brave the desert by endeavouring to settle in South-West Africa where also a further instalment of the Swakop-Windhoek railway is to be built at the Imperial expense.

Lord Spencer must have been in a singularly sanguine mood at Peterborough, or he would never have committed himself to the amazing belief (capping Lord Rosebery's "swell of Liberalism") that "the Liberal party was stronger at this moment than it had been for some years past." Of course he gave no reason for this belief, born of a passing mood. If we point to the initial difficulty of ascertaining what is the Liberal party, of discovering a single political belief held in common by their sundry groups, of pointing to a single name that can be said to represent the party, doubtless the answer will be that all this is merely a temporary and superficial derangement, infecting just the leaders and Liberals in the House, but that the Great Heart of the People is sound. But the people's great heart is at any rate supposed to beat at elections, and Exeter and Bow and Bromley can hardly be said to bear out Lord Spencer's belief; nor for that matter, Wells. But evidently on this occasion he was not using language in its plain grammatical sense at all. Consider his claim that the great strength of our colonies is largely, if not mainly, due to the action of the Liberal party. Unquestionably it is sometimes true of individuals that they derive much benefit from snubbing, cold-shouldering, and being told they may shift for themselves. But no ordinary man would found on such benefits conferred a claim for credit and gratitude.

If imitation is the sincerest flattery, Lord Rowton may be content with the compliment bestowed upon him by the London County Council in deciding to erect a lodging-house upon the precise lines of the houses known by his name. It is a sign of the times that infallibility at Spring Gardens should condescend to take a lesson from a fallible mortal. But the Council is realising that it has nothing to show which will bear comparison with Lord Rowton's successful efforts, and the Progressives have even taken to reviling their own offspring, the Parker Street lodging-house; Lord Carrington comparing it with Aylesbury jail—to the advantage of the jail. We doubt, however, if the Council understands that it is useless to set about copying a model unless the methods which have made the model what it is are also copied. To build cheaply and to manage economically, these are the essentials of success. But these are precisely the respects in which the Council, hampered by red-tape and an extravagant works department, has hitherto failed.

The introduction of business principles into the Council's housing operations is a matter of growing importance. Under pressure of public opinion the Council is desperately anxious to do something towards extending the accommodation available for the working classes. At present its record is bad for it has displaced many more persons than it has housed. A great show of activity is likely to be seen in the near future. Power will be sought from Parliament to buy land outside the county with a view to the erection of dwellings apart from rehousing schemes. At present the power is limited to the county. The proposal, so

far as the Progressives are concerned, may probably be regarded rather as an electioneering card than as evidence of a determination really to grapple with the enormous housing problem. It is to be hoped that the Moderates will display an unwonted intelligence and not adopt obstructive tactics with regard to the proposal, but come forward with a positive policy upon the whole subject. The failure of their opponents gives them a distinct opportunity.

The report of the Board of Trade on the winding-up of companies contains a suggestion of importance in connexion with such cases as that in which the Lord Mayor and certain other directors have been before the Courts during the last few days. It is pointed out that the liabilities of directors mainly arise from a modified application by the Courts of the intricate provisions of trust law for the want of any plain and intelligible statutory provision. The exoneration of the Lord Mayor from any intention of acting dishonestly is consistent with the belief expressed by the report that directors in receiving gifts or other considerations are often led into a breach of duty through ignorance of the law. In the Lord Mayor's case the prospectus referred to the fact of the directors receiving a present but did not make a full disclosure. It is suggested by the report that in order to check a practice which is at the root of so many irregularities the law should be distinctly stated in statutory form, and directors be obliged to make a declaration that they have received no gift or consideration except such as they disclose in the prospectus.

When the Companies' Acts Amendment Bill comes up again for discussion, their duty in regard to prospectuses might be set out in terms instead of being left for inference from the provision that directors shall be liable in damages for non-disclosure of material facts. This is one of the least disputable suggestions that have been made for reforming company law, as to which there are endless proposals but little agreement. It is separated by a wide interval from the proposal of Mr. Justice Wright that in one way or another articles of association should be so drawn up that persons who never read them and could not understand them if they did, should be protected from the wiles of promoters. Highly commendable in the abstract, this suggestion appears scarcely more practical than would be a proposition that the law should try to prevent such people from making these investments on the strength of the ornamental or expert names that appear on the prospectus—as they generally do instead of acting with ordinary business prudence and intelligence. The learned Judge did not make any proposals to carry out this idea.

As far as the particular case of the Industrial Contract Corporation throws light on anything, it seems merely to illustrate how honest, and yet how unintelligent, even a Lord Mayor can be when he becomes a director. It is as flagrant an example of the submission of directors to promoters as any we have had of the slavery of investors to titled directors. After all there seems to be even more ignorance and weakness than fraud displayed in the formation of companies. This constitutes the real difficulty of reform. Then why did the Lord Mayor show so little discretion as to allow himself to be proposed for that office in a year in which these unfortunate company transactions were still fresh? That he did so is as extraordinary as it would have been if the Lord Chief Justice, who is well known to hold very defined views upon the reform of company law and the disinterestedness of persons in fiduciary positions, should have passed over the occasion of Lord Mayor's day in the Courts without some severe reference to that unfortunate winding-up petition which had fallen through, though the personal charges had not been withdrawn.

There is a decided opinion among members of the Bar who attend a circuit town not very far from the Metropolis that if a certain Judge postpones the Assizes in consequence of his inability to complete the work in the allotted time at the previous town, that due and proper notice should be sent to the Bar Council (as now representing the Bar of England) or that advertisements

of the postponement should appear in more than one—if not in all—the leading London dailies. Surely a Treasury which spends so many thousand pounds annually on circuit expenses in payment of a Judge's extra salary, wages of his servants, railway fares of himself and retinue, could afford, and would afford if only asked, a few odd shillings so that members of the Bar might not be put to the inconvenience and useless expense of a journey to an Assize town only to find on arrival that the postponement had been known locally owing to the High Sheriff having given notice to all the grand and petty jurymen who had been summoned. There was certainly a judicial or legal blunder somewhere and it is hoped that a little more trouble will be taken to prevent such a mishap occurring again.

The proceedings in the case of the S. Saviorgate meeting-house in York, if lame and impotent in their conclusion, are certainly significant and suggestive; and to some of us the suggestion will be a sad one. Protestant Dissenter—Unitarian—Agnostic—Atheist. There is the chapel's religious history according to the plaintiffs; and the defendants stopped only at the last stage; for the "pastor" in the box could see nothing contradictory in the terms "Christian" and "Agnostic," thus revealing in what hopeless theological mire they flounder who take upon themselves to set up a faith of their own. The facts in this case seem painfully to agree with the rumours one constantly hears of the honeycombing with agnosticism of some of the Nonconformist bodies. But it would be an error to take too seriously the language of some of these people, which really means nothing but an ambition to be thought "broad" and "advanced."

The last annual report that will be issued by the Education Committee of the Privy Council before the new Board of Education supersedes it, congratulates the public elementary schools on their growing appreciation of the value of organised games in the promotion of discipline, self-subordination, physical endurance, and esprit de corps. Hardly anything about these schools could be more satisfactory to hear. Much moral training not supplied in the class room, or by the sporadic games of the street, is possible under skilful teachers who besides bookwork can teach cricket, football, swimming, and other games and exercises. Direct moral instruction is not the only form of moral teaching. The association of masters with pupils in systematic sports affords many opportunities of indirectly influencing the younger minds which in some ways may be practically even more effective.

With the formation by the Cyclists' Touring Club of the Metropolitan District Association, London cyclists may hope that at last their interests will be properly cared for. The new body has lost no time in devoting attention to the vexed question of cloak-room facilities. A reduction of the minimum charge from fourpence to twopence for one day is a very desirable reform. Already the Committee has elicited the fact that cloak-room season-tickets are issued to cyclists on three lines at the rate of seven shillings and sixpence per quarter. Concerning Hyde Park, the Committee adopted a very temperate and common-sense view. All they ask is that the Park, except during the London season, should be opened to cyclists on the same terms as other parks. The improvement of Sunday morning trains out of London in the summer, from which angler, golfer and others would benefit as much as cyclist, a reduction in the sixpenny minimum on cycles for distances under six miles, and the proper maintenance of suburban roads are all matters with which the Association may usefully concern itself.

The death of Sir Henry Tate followed close indeed upon the completion of the buildings of his gallery. We dealt with that remarkable gift to the nation last week, little thinking that the donor was to have no future hand in its direction. We may repeat here the admiration we then expressed for the mixture of tenacity and modesty he showed in carrying out a generous project. Sir Henry's patriotic feeling has given a first-rate gallery to the English School; it will be for his successors in its management to show in their policy a taste not lower than his patriotism.

#### DEMOCRATIC DIPLOMACY.

THE astonishment excited at Washington and Berlin and, we may add, amongst educated men in this country, by Mr. Chamberlain's luncheon-speech at Leicester was mild in comparison with the surprise which it caused to his own colleagues in the Cabinet. It is a new departure for a Minister, however powerful, who is in charge of a Department, in this case the Colonial Office, to deal with the diplomatic relations between this country and other nations. That is a task which is by custom, based on obvious reasons, left to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, or, in the most important cases, to the Prime Minister. These offices happen to be at this moment united in the hands of one and the same statesman. Even if it had been true, therefore, that some specific diplomatic understanding had been arrived at between the Cabinets of Washington, Berlin, and S. James' as to their future policy, so momentous an announcement should have been left to Lord Salisbury to make to the world. Lord Salisbury was debarred at the time from appearing in public, and of course if he authorised the Colonial Secretary to speak for him we have nothing more to say on this head. We have, however, very good reasons for asserting that Lord Salisbury did nothing of the kind, and we can well believe that to no one was this latest development of democratic diplomacy more displeasing. But it was not true that any specific diplomatic understanding had been arrived at between the three Cabinets; and therefore Mr. Chamberlain's trespass upon the Prime Minister's preserves is still more difficult to defend.

The "Times," which has hitherto been regarded as Mr. Chamberlain's special organ in the London press, is driven to explain that the Colonial Secretary has not received a diplomatic training, and that he is accustomed to the loose exaggeration of party platforms. That is a very good reason for leaving diplomacy alone, but hardly an excuse for a gaucherie of the first order, which the speaker was under no necessity to make. Diplomacy is a business in which the principal instrument is fine-edged language: and convention has assigned to certain phrases a definite meaning. In the chanceries of Europe an alliance means an agreement between the contracting Powers to act together in certain contingencies, upon terms which are reduced to writing. The Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy was an instance in point. Does any sane man believe that Great Britain or the United States of America could enter into any such contract with any European Power? Great Britain and the United States are not European Powers at all, in the Continental sense of the term. England is not likely to embark upon a second Crimean War for the sake of pleasing any Continental sovereign, or for a phrase like the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Does anyone, however untrained in diplomacy, believe that Great Britain and the United States are likely to sign a treaty of alliance for offensive and defensive purposes? It is indeed conceivable, we do not say it is probable but it is possible, that a certain situation might arise in regard to the Chinese Empire, when England, Germany, and America, having a common and well-defined object in view, might conclude a written treaty of combination. But such an event is still, in our opinion, far off and can only be provided for when it occurs. Mr. Chamberlain explained, to be sure, that he was not referring to an alliance in the strict sense and that an "understanding" was better than any writing. This appears to us to be cant of a dangerous kind. Everyone has experienced in the ordinary business of this world the danger of relying on an understanding which is not reduced to writing. Understandings are a perennial source of litigation between individuals, and of war between nations. We are far from undervaluing the friendly sentiment of Germany or the United States: and we are aware that written treaties only last as long as suits the convenience of the most powerful of the contracting parties. But they endure for a certain time, and Mr. Chamberlain, who at all events has had a business training, must be aware that the written word is essential to contractual relations. By all means let us continue to cultivate, assiduously if you



will, the friendly feelings of Germany and the United States. But is Mr. Chamberlain's the right method? Let the German and American press give answer. Ordinary tact teaches a man that the attempt to "rush" a friend into a compromising situation almost invariably defeats itself. Well might Mr. Asquith scornfully exclaim that for the first time Great Britain had taken to "touting and cadging for alliances in the highways and byways."

There remains Mr. Chamberlain's declaration that unless the French "mended their manners" the "consequences might be very serious." From Lord Salisbury's lips these words would have been taken as the intimation of an ultimatum. Justly exasperated as public opinion has been by the ribald blackguardism of a section of the French press, we are not, as a nation, in the habit of noticing obscene and anonymous libels. Cabinet Ministers are, after all, supposed to know something of what is going on; and we can hardly suppose that Mr. Chamberlain was ignorant of the fact that some time before his speech the President of the French Republic had paid a visit to the British Ambassador in Paris. It does not require a diplomatic training to infer from this marked act that the head of the French nation called for the purpose of repudiating on behalf of the French Government the loathsome attacks of the gutter press upon the Sovereign of a neighbouring and friendly State. The "Entente Cordiale," which is a kind of dining and debating society composed mainly of Frenchmen resident in London, has administered perhaps the most significant rebuke to Mr. Chamberlain in the message from their members to the Queen assuring Her Majesty of their unabated love and veneration. Are we really going to pay the scribblers of Paris the compliment of being goaded by their pens into an international quarrel? Mr. Chamberlain has rendered splendid services to the Empire, which cannot be diminished by an unfortunate speech. But we shrink back appalled from the vista of wars which a democratic diplomacy opens to our view.

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THIS week may have been the most important in the whole history of the war, and possibly for that very reason information has been scantier than usual. In any case our army in South Africa has now reached considerable proportions. In Natal, besides the force besieged at Ladysmith—say 9,000—Sir Redvers Buller must have at hand some 23,000 men. His cavalry, though not yet sufficiently strong, has been increased; and it is probable that with Ladysmith safe—in spite of gloomy rumours—as regards provisions and ammunition, he is in no great hurry to move. Doubtless he considers that the Boer supplies cannot last much longer, and that all delay is in his favour. Still that idea is one of the most disappointing features of the war. At the start we imagined that the Boers could not have lasted so long; and it is possible that even now we are inclined to underestimate their powers of endurance. They must have collected enormous supplies before the war commenced, and how long they will last, it is impossible to say. But we may at least comfort ourselves with the reflexion that with the right of search in full working order at sea, an end must be reached within an calculable period. If we are to credit various reports, ammunition supply has already become a serious question to the Boers since it is stated that shells are being made at Johannesburg, which we may not unreasonably suppose will be even less effective than those procured from Europe. While our troops have displayed the most magnificent bravery and endurance, and have in the main proved victors on the actual field of battle, these brilliant attacks against entrenched positions have not been productive of the results we might have expected generals to make practically certain of obtaining before taking so great risks. It would indeed appear as if our generals had not hitherto taken sufficient advantage of the known fact that the Boers do not attack. Shock action has no place in their system of warfare, and bayonets they do not possess. The one unhappy occasion when they

did attack is an exception to the rule; and it is more than probable that such an idea as the attack on Majuba was never even dreamt of, until they discovered with what impunity they could advance. It should be an immense advantage for a general to know that he need expect no serious onslaught. The Boer plan has hitherto been to occupy the strongest positions and invite attack. So that the burden of action has remained with us. By some costly frontal attacks we have taken their positions. But the results—at any rate as regards Natal—have hitherto been insignificant. On the other hand there can be no doubt that with so mobile an enemy as the Boer, an elaborate flanking movement, unless in considerable force, is attended with no little risk. One pleasant feature at any rate has come to light. It has often been said that modern arms have equalised matters as regards the calibre of combatants, and that now it is a mere question of shooting. But this war has shown that, in spite of modern arms, the British infantry still maintains its historic superiority.

As to the general narrative of the war there is little to tell. Troops continue to arrive, and all has worked smoothly in this respect, except for the unfortunate wreck of the "Isomore"—which does not appear to have been a suitable ship for the purpose. From Ladysmith we are told that the Boers have brought a heavy gun into action at 4,000 yards instead of 8,000, as has hitherto been the case. The cannonade too is increasing. On the other hand it is said that the Boers have been ordered to retire for the protection of their own territory. They are indeed stated to be "trekking" north and west in considerable numbers. But such reports must be taken with extreme reserve. The railway bridge over the Tugela at Colenso has been destroyed, though the carriage bridge is said to be still intact. Presumably however the latter has been mined. But even so we may anticipate that the Royal Engineers under Lt.-Colonel Girouard of Sudan fame will be able to restore it temporarily. Meanwhile it is stated that General Joubert has given up the chief command through illness, and that Schalk Burger has taken his place. On 2 December, Sir Francis Clery arrived at Frere. Where General Hildyard's brigade may be we do not know. Probably some extensive flanking movement is in contemplation. The Boers are said to be entrenched north of Colenso—the probable scene of the next important battle. The War Office has published a telegram from Sir Redvers Buller—who is stated also to have gone to Frere—which refers merely to casualties, and which gives us no clue as to the movement of troops. By it we learn that the Boers must have lost some 800 men in the engagement at Ladysmith on 9 November, and that they lost some 130 men at the Willow Grange fight on the 23rd. Both heliograph and search-light communication have been established with Ladysmith—a great advantage. Natal seems to be practically clear of Boers, south of the Tugela. From Capetown we have an official telegram dated 1 December which states that there was no change in the situation, and that General French had made a reconnaissance from Naauwpoort to Rosmead. Subsequently he made others to Tweeddale and Thebus. From unofficial sources comes the news of the occupation of Dordrecht by the Boers, and of a very smart piece of work by General Gatacre. A large amount of flour and wheat at Molteno was in danger of being commandeered by the Boers, but was seized early on 29 November, and run back by train to the British camp—a story of "slimness" worthy of all praise. Possibly one reason for General Gatacre's apparent inaction may be that he desires to occupy the Free State commandoes in Cape Colony itself, in order that their attention may be diverted from Lord Methuen's operations in the west. But it is more than likely that in time the two may join hands in a simultaneous advance on Bloemfontein. From the west we have little or no news of what Lord Methuen is doing. It is true that we have an official message from this quarter, but—like Sir Redvers Buller's telegram—it refers merely to the subject of casualties, and offers us no clue to his plans. According to him, the Boer losses at Modder

River were more than equal to our own, and the morale of the former has been much shaken. After the battle the Boer forces appear to have retired north, east, and west, so that when he advances again, his communications may be harassed both from the east and from the west. However the general at Capetown tells us that Lord Methuen's force is remaining at Modder River till a bridge has been constructed; and that the force is being reinforced by Highlanders and cavalry, while the corps of horse artillery, the Canadian regiment and three infantry battalions have moved up to the line De Aar-Belmont. In these circumstances, we may conclude that Lord Methuen's lines of communication—about which a week ago there was considerable cause for anxiety—are now safe. At Kimberley all is still well, and a Boer laager was captured on the west of the city on 30 November. It is satisfactory that search-light communication has now been established between Lord Methuen and Colonel Kekewich. The former's force should now amount to nearly 9,000 men, with perhaps another 7,000 on his lines of communication. As to Mafeking we know little beyond the fact it was safe on 1 December; and we last heard of Colonel Plumer's force at Tuli on 29 October.

#### LORD CURZON AND INDIAN EDUCATION.

**S**PEAKING last February on the defects of the Indian educational system Lord Curzon declared that it required cautious reform rather than wholesale reconstruction. He has now expounded his views more fully in reviewing the quinquennial report on the progress of education between 1892 and 1897. "Its perusal" he says "gives an unfavourable opinion of the progress that has been made. . . . The Local Governments have not only in many respects neglected the principles laid down by the Government of India but have also divested themselves of responsibility and left educational administration in the hands of subordinate authorities and of irresponsible and sometimes incompetent persons." It is seldom that a Viceroy is constrained to address the Governments of all the Presidencies and Provinces of India in such stringent terms. Lord Curzon's conclusions obviously indicate some radical defects which call for something more than cautious reform and are not likely to be removed by quinquennial censures on the method in which the system is administered. If he will look further beneath the surface he will find that the cause goes as deep as that which prompted his reconstructive land legislation and has much in common with it. Our educational system in India, like some parts of our land system, is unsuited to the conditions of the country or the stage of its civilisation. It does not meet the wishes of the people or their wants as they understand them. This is the natural outcome of its history. The educational system has not grown with the growth of British dominion. In the din of battle which waged for a century to decide the sovereignty of India the cause of education was forgotten. It was not till their rule had been at last firmly established that the conquerors had time to turn their attention to the teaching of the people and then a system sprang into existence full statured in an hour. Its makers found little in India to guide them. No organised system of public instruction existed under native rule. The Pandit and the Maulvi were the schoolmasters of the people and their class books were the Shastrs and the Kuran. Secular education such as existed was imparted in the train of religious instruction and was ancillary to it. Their political position and the evangelical spirit of the nation forbade the English rulers to associate their government with State instruction of the people in their own religions. Modern progress made it impossible to countenance the grotesque and puerile fables which took the place of science and history. Instead of attempting to develop and improve the indigenous institutions our reformers set them wholly aside and launched a brand-new system of State education of the latest European model on a civilisation which had not reached the Middle Ages. This departure was largely due to the influence of Macaulay who threw the whole weight of his great authority in favour of Western

methods and of English as the medium of popular instruction.

The educational system initiated under such conditions had the unavoidable misfortune of beginning at the top. The earliest efforts were directed to turning out native officials qualified to work in English and to carry the administration along the new lines on which the genius of the British Government led it to develop. It is perhaps in this direction that the greatest success has been achieved. All parties concur in recognising the superior honesty of the official classes. On the other hand we may attribute to this influence the industrial view of education which has supplanted the older and higher ideals and in the eyes of students made Government employment the end of all learning. By yet another mischance the development of the new system in India synchronised with that phase of popular feeling in England which found expression in the establishment of the London University. There were practical and political reasons also why the Indian University could conveniently be an examining and not a teaching body. Calcutta accordingly followed the constitution of London and has in turn been followed by the other Indian Universities. The result has been a doubtful success in England. It has been an unqualified failure in India.

The effects of these influences appear in the cardinal vices of the system to which Lord Curzon's review now gives renewed publicity. Undue prominence is given to higher education and especially to University courses. English is taught to classes which do not require it by masters who are incompetent to teach it. Primary instruction in the vernacular—the real education of the people—is neglected and starved. Examinations have become the aim of all study and have fostered a noxious and universal system of cram which trains no faculty but the memory. To this indictment must be added, though Lord Curzon strangely omits it, that our schools afford no opportunities for moral or religious training. The attitude of the people themselves towards our system may be gathered from a passage in which Lord Curzon tells district officials that they are in no way relieved of the duty of inspecting primary schools by the transfer of such schools from their charge to the charge of Local Boards who are composed of landowners and other influential residents. "The gentlemen who compose these Boards belong in many cases to the classes who *naturally* take little interest in the education of the humbler classes or the diffusion of primary education." What is this but saying that the system is out of touch with the people? The higher education is largely eleemosynary. In the Panjab University education is calculated to cost for each student about £9 a year and one-third of this is defrayed by the State. The classes of an Indian university are naturally thronged by sons of small officials, petty traders, or menial servants, while the sons of the nobility remain absent. The deplorable consequence is that the schools and colleges turn out a large proportion of youths unfitted for the hereditary occupations which the customs of the country afford them and with no resource but to join in the hopeless scramble for petty posts under Government. Our system has made examination a fetish and learning a mere matter of cram. We have further encouraged these mischievous results by offering valuable places in the Government service as the prizes of success in our faulty methods of instruction. In so doing we are more and more taking the administration of the country out of the hands of the strong hereditary ruling races and transferring it to classes and castes whom they despise and mistrust. We are dealing with a people whose religion enters into every part of their lives and whose morality is taught through their religion. We have left no place in our scheme for religious or moral instruction and we can offer nothing to replace them—not even the useful training of discipline in the class rooms and manly exercises in the playgrounds. The most successful institution in Upper India is the Aligarh College: it is the one which has discarded most of the standard ideas, thinks least of examinations, provides religious and moral teaching and encourages its students to excel in physical exercises.

The more thoughtful exponents of native views urge



that we are teaching too high. We are trying to raise an exotic standard far above that of the community. Our course is traced too much on English models and ideas. Such views must throw grave doubts on the adequacy of cautious reform. The errors of the system are written largely across its history. They point rather to reconstructive reform. If we desire our schools to be popular and find a natural place in the scheme of native society we must retrace our steps. We must provide a system of instruction more consonant with the habits and ideas of the people and be patiently content with results that cannot be measured by examinations or reduced to tabulated statistics. The cautious reform in short should commence at the point where hasty reconstruction triumphed over it half a century ago. We have built up a superstructure with no foundation. The building can have no stability till the breaker has taken it in hand. If however our object is to reform or reconstruct the whole social fabric of the country, to Anglicise the Indian community by the introduction of views and conceptions now foreign to it and to convert it to the methods and customs which have been the slow growth of a different civilisation, it is unreasonable to expect any perceptible progress in the short space of a generation or two. Equally it is unreasonable to chide those entrusted with the execution of the policy because they advance fastest on the line of least resistance.

#### BEAUTY IN ART AND NATURE.

WHAT we mean by beauty, and what things are beautiful, and how and why they are beautiful, are questions belonging to one of those charming domains of philosophy, in which our interest is constantly aroused, in which there is room for much difference of opinion, but in which nevertheless there is no room for animosity. Men may fight indeed for the sake of a lady whom they both consider to be beautiful; but they will not fight because her beauty is apparent to only one of them. An indignant poet may thirst for the blood of critics, because they fail to perceive that his own verses are exquisite; but his indignation will not be due to the fact that the critics differ from him in their theory of what beautiful poetry is; but to the fact that they insult him by saying that he is unable to write it. It may indeed be urged with some plausibility that it is impossible, in a quiet way, to annoy another person more than by saying, if he has expressed his admiration of a picture or a piece of music, that the one is a mere daub, and the other is not music at all. The person who is thus corrected will certainly not love his corrector; and he will love him the less, the more he respects his judgment. But here again the acerbity of his feelings will be due not to the fact that his friend differs from him as a thinker, but that he has snubbed him as a man of the world.

Even, however, if the question of what is beautiful and what is not, were more calculated to arouse unchristian feeling than it is, the true philosopher will see that there is a certain plane on which the most contradictory opinions about the subject may be more or less reconciled. He will recognise that what is beautiful may from certain points of view be hideous; and what is hideous or vulgar may be full of extreme beauty. Let us, for example, take an architect's elevation of the most beautiful building in the world. As we look on this drawing unfolded on the architect's desk, we shall recognise with admiration the qualities of the building in the drawing of it: but if the drawing should be framed and glazed, and hung on a drawing-room wall, this thing of beauty would be in all probability an eyesore. On the other hand the most frightful villa to be found in the suburbs of London, seen in a certain light, accentuated by certain shadows, softened by autumn mists, or coloured by an autumn sunset, may present to the artist's eye the most beautiful picture imaginable, and, if reproduced on his canvas, may fascinate all beholders. The rooms in the taverns painted by Teniers and Van Ostade, probably possessed, as structures, no merit whatever; but taken in connexion with the brown shadows that filled them, and through which their rude and squalid furni-

ture glimmered, they had a charm worthy to fascinate the great masters who painted them.

The explanation of this paradox, though simple, is worth considering. It lies in the fact that whatever things men do, design, or produce, have innumerable characteristics or consequences which men neither intend, nor foresee, nor are in any way able to control. A house, the decoration of a room, a piece of music, a piece of plate, a sideboard, a chair, a curtain—all these things represent, to a certain extent, the intentions, the skill, or want of skill of the architect, the musician, the silversmith, the cabinet-maker and so on; and in so far as they represent this skill and these intentions, judges can classify them as belonging to certain schools, and can pronounce definite, though not always unanimous opinions as to their merits. Thus one person of taste will give the palm to the furniture of Chippendale; another will prefer the French style of the period of Louis Quatorze, of Louis Quinze, or of the Empire; and there is an immense amount of furniture, no matter what its style, which all persons of taste will agree in pronouncing intolerable. But each piece of furniture, bad, good, or indifferent, has accidentally æsthetic qualities, which are quite independent of its design, and which could never be even suggested in any auctioneer's catalogue. They are qualities coming to it—constantly and indefinitely changing—from the position in which it is placed, from the way in which lights fall on it, from the relation of its curves and colours to the other objects that are near it, and also from the historical or social suggestions which it conveys. Some old harpsichord, of the meanest and most awkward design, will give to a faded room in which it has grown old, a mellowness and beauty which the most magnificent of modern instruments would destroy. The unintended process of fading will give colours to walls and carpets which no dyer on earth could equal. Few objects, as works of art, can be uglier than most modern racing-cups; yet the play of light on their silver surfaces, and the streaked mosaic of reflections that shine in them, will be as exquisite as if the cups themselves had been modelled by Benvenuto Cellini. Or again, let us take a garden. A garden long deserted with the weeds hiding its walks, with its rose-trees bending to the earth, and its grass, once closely shaved, growing long, and tufted, will often receive from "decay's effacing fingers" a charm deeper than any that was given to it by the care of a dozen gardeners.

Each thing, in fact, that man designs and executes, enters, as soon as he has completed it, into a series of new relations; and nature, circumstances, history, and human life continually put more into it than was ever put into it by its maker. Snatches of bad music played by an indifferent band, become saturated with the scenes amongst which it has been previously heard.

It may be objected by some that we are confusing several things together—natural beauty, moral beauty, emotional beauty, and artistic beauty; and that the last of these should be kept distinct from the others. And it is true that between this and the others one great distinction exists. It is a distinction we have already indicated. It is that artistic beauty is a beauty definitely designed and intended by a human intelligence; whilst the other kinds of beauty are not designed by men, but are only perceived by them. This difference, however, when properly understood, serves only to accentuate a likeness. For nothing is beautiful, in any imitative art at all events, the counterpart of which is not beautiful in the world of reality. Indeed all art, so far as its æsthetic value is concerned, is a record, an exposition, a criticism of the beautiful in life and nature. If there was nothing beautiful outside art, there would be nothing beautiful in it. A work of art, such as a picture, or a drama, is in itself a single thing, complete in itself; and it possesses in proportion to its excellence an organic unity in addition to its accidental unity. But none the less it is composite, and heterogeneous. It is a microcosm: and its beauty results, as the beauty of life and nature, from the juxtaposition and inter-relationship of various elements, many of which, perhaps all of which, taken singly, are not beautiful at all. A certain school of art critics maintain that subject is nothing in a picture—that treatment is everything.

This is near the truth, but it is either not the truth, or it is a truth very awkwardly expressed. The truth, or as much of it as can be put into a few words, is that the aspect of the subject is everything. That is to say, there is no subject which has not some beautiful aspect; and the genius of the artist is shown in his seizing this aspect, and reproducing it. But the subject of a picture is not what it is commonly thought to be. It is not what strikes the eye as the principal object. It is this object seen in relation to a variety of other things or objects; and if it is not beautiful in itself, it will be made beautiful by the painter's treatment of it, because only the treatment is such as to represent not it alone, but it and many other things, correlated in some particular way. Thus Teniers gives a beauty to his squalid tavern interiors by painting not only squalid rooms, but the marvels of light and shadow, that filled them at some given moment. In the same way, a great tragedy, such as "Othello" for instance, is beautiful as a work of art not because it represents noble acts and noble characters. The specific effect produced by it depends quite as much on the vile characters and the disgusting acts, which are associated and contrasted with the acts and characters that are noble. The statement then, that the artist, whether he be painter or poet, can by his artistic treatment make any subject beautiful, means merely, in so far as it is true, that there is nothing in life which is not beautiful when seen from some particular point of view, or at some particular moment, and seen also in relation to a variety of other things, material or spiritual.

And what is true of things material or spiritual, regarded as the subject of art, is equally true of those regarded as the subject of contemplation. Art, in so far as it is able to represent all subjects as beautiful, is only one form of a philosophy which sees all life, and all nature, as something good. The sense of beauty is a species of unreasoned optimism. It will intrude itself into pictures meant to be merely tragic and painful—in the light, for instance, from a sunset, on the features of soldiers dying on a battlefield; and will constitute at all events a protest against complete pessimism. And as in the production of works of art, so in the contemplation of life, the man who can discern beauty arising from the relationship and collocation of objects not beautiful in themselves, or from the play of forces and characters in themselves imperfect or evil, is a man who not only discerns the existence of the beautiful, but also assents, though he may assent unconsciously, to a belief in the reality and the ultimate triumph of the good.

#### THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW.

IT scarcely seems to be thirty-seven years since people interested in the fat-stock show promoted by the Smithfield Club, asked to be directed to the Agricultural Hall at Islington, and groped their way to North London. The edifice which in the course of the year is the home of so many shows was not then as well known as it now is—there were no Horse or Dairy shows or Military Tournaments in those days—and people wondered in what kind of premises the Cattle Show of 1862 would be held. Last year the hundredth show of the Smithfield Club was held and cattle-breeders owe not a little to Francis, Duke of Bedford, who became the first president on the founding of the Society in 1798, for not only was he a practical agriculturist himself, but he also took a deep interest in the maintenance of the pure strains of cattle.

Arthur Young, whom some declare to have been a much over-praised writer on or compiler of agricultural subjects, was the first secretary and the year 1799 saw the Smithfield Club holding an unpretentious show in the Dolphin Yard, Smithfield, and those poor premises sufficed until 1805, when a single show was held in the Barbican before the Club had a longer tenure of a site in Goswell Street, with which they were content until 1839, when in consequence of various representations the show was moved to the Baker Street Bazaar. There it remained until 1862 when it was transferred to the Agricultural Hall, where the hundred and first show opened on Monday last. From first to last the object to be attained has been to exhibit the best breeds

of cattle in more or less fat condition, so that not only the "élite" of animals should be shown but the best and most remunerative method of feeding be exemplified. As most people know, the Christmas fat-stock shows begin at Norwich, which is followed by that of Birmingham, and then comes that of the Smithfield Club, where several of the earlier battles are fought over again. Exhibitors of horses and cattle are well aware that the judging of to-day is upset by that of to-morrow, but this year there has been a singular unanimity as to the excellence of the Queen's beautiful four-year-old Herefordshire steer. Champion at Norwich, then again at Birmingham, at Islington he once more gained highest honours.

The Royal herds have heretofore gained many distinctions at the Smithfield Club shows, but this year their success has been phenomenal. The Queen had sent altogether thirteen animals to compete, and they took four first prizes, two seconds, one third, and sundry reserve and commendation cards, results which would have delighted George III. who was himself a practical farmer and stockbreeder. In addition to the class prizes the Queen gained the breed cups for Herefords and Devons; the silver cup for the best steer or ox, the Agricultural Hall Company's champion prize, and the challenge cup given by Her Majesty herself. Nor did the Prince of Wales go empty away, as with a Shorthorn steer, two Dexter and four Highland steers, a pen of Southdown sheep and two pens of pigs he took four first prizes, two seconds and a third, while the Duke of York who has always favoured the native red-polled breed was successful in winning a first prize. Numerically the cattle entries were below those of the last five years, the 311 just exceeding by one those of 1893, but this may to some extent be accounted for by one of last year's classes dropping out of the catalogue. All the best-known breeders were, however, represented, and the same trouble is taken by them as heretofore to produce the best specimens of the different breeds. The crossbred cattle always form an interesting feature of the Smithfield Club show, and as usual they were more numerous than any of the pure strains; both the steers and heifers reached a remarkably good standard. This is borne out by the best heifer in the show being a crossbred which gained distinction at Norwich and Birmingham, while among butchers there are perhaps no more favoured beasts than the Aberdeen Angus and crossbreds.

The carcass competition should for practical reasons be one of the important items of the show; but owing to several causes it has failed to sustain the reputation which at first attached to it. This is perhaps not surprising. The carcasses must be sold by auction, and butchers knowing this, go in for cheap meat which they have obtained ever since the competition was established. The result is that this year owners did not care to sacrifice their cattle at nominal prices, so there was a falling off, though sheep held their own very well. The closeness of the weather, too, militated against a good sale, consequently, except in the case of the prize winners, exhibitors in this department are subject to a loss. If some means could be devised whereby the cattle could be killed for the Christmas trade, better prices would no doubt be forthcoming. About a hundred and fifty pounds appears to be the standard price for the Champion beast of the show, though it may not be wrong to say that a considerable rebate is generally made; but the purchase of the Champion is usually a matter of advertisement, the animal being first shown alive. In the meat competitions, however, buyers are more prosaic, insisting on a due proportion of lean to fat. The beef this year has been of excellent class, and in no more than one or two instances was there an excess of fat, while the mutton was uniformly of excellent quality. There was a falling off in the show of dead table poultry. The English exhibits were exceedingly good; but there was an absence of French birds, though Belgium was fairly well represented. It is, however, in the live classes that the strength of the show lies, breeders doing their best to rival one another, and sparing no expense to secure the best strains, while the science of feeding, though sometimes carried to excess, is too valuable to be lost sight of.



## UNIVERSITY TRIAL EIGHTS.

THE races of the Trial Eights of the two Universities mark the conclusion of the first stage in the preparation for the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race of 1900, and there can be no doubt that at present the prospects of Cambridge are very much brighter than those of Oxford. They will have six old "Blues" in residence, all good men, and their Trial Eights were much above the average. Oxford, on the other hand, will have four of their last year's crew available, none of whom have showed conspicuous merit since last spring, and their Trial Eights were not up to the standard of the last few years.

The object of the President in the Trial Eights race is to discover the merits and test the stamina of individuals rather than to train two crews to a high degree of collective excellence, and he therefore endeavours to get his two eights as nearly as possible even in pace in order that the race may be a close and stubbornly contested one. In this respect Mr. Goldie, the Cambridge President, was singularly fortunate; for the race, which was rowed over the usual course on the Ouse on Saturday last, resulted in a victory for Mr. Maitland's crew by a bare half-length. The form was in every respect better than has been seen at Ely for some years, but if there is one point more than another in which Cambridge rowing has recently made great strides it is in the matter of swing. The trial eights were not, of course, ideal in this respect, but it was obvious that special attention had been paid in the coaching to this all-important point. There has been a tendency of late years in first-class rowing to neglect the cultivation of a long body swing and to rely merely on the long slide for length of stroke. It has been demonstrated time after time that over the Putney course, especially against a head wind, a crew with fair leg work and a really long swing will prevail over a crew with an indifferent swing, even although their leg work is excellent, and this in cases in which the latter have had considerably more strength in the boat. It is satisfactory to note that Cambridge at any rate do not intend to fall short in this respect. With so many of last year's crew available there will not be many places to be filled by the trial eights men of whom Maitland, who rowed with great judgment, Taylor Brooke and Young are about the best.

The Oxford race was rowed on the same day at Moultsford. Rowley's crew took the lead almost from the start, and although Cavendish stuck to him well for more than a mile the result of the race was never in doubt. The winning crew were not so well together as their opponents, but they owed their victory to the fact that Rowley gave them a certain amount of time in which to finish the stroke while Cavendish gave the big men behind him no time at all. It is not easy at present to foresee how the Oxford president will make up his crew, as there was no one in the trial eights of whom it could be said that he showed such conspicuous merit as to be certain of his "blue." As a stroke Rowley did well, but he is not exactly the type of oarsman upon which to model a University crew. Grimston and Hale were both disappointing but behind so short a stroke they had not very much chance of doing themselves justice. Kittermaster has improved out of all recognition since he rowed in the Christ Church crew two years ago, and if he should continue to improve at the same rate he may develop into a very useful man.

On the whole the Oxford rowing was not so bad as was expected at the beginning of the term, and there is no reason why they should not with good coaching send a fair crew to Putney next spring. In the matter of coaching they will have a great advantage over Cambridge for both Mr. McLean and Mr. Fletcher, who are far and away the best two coaches at present available, have promised to take them in hand. It is not at present known who will look after Cambridge, but there can be no doubt that in any case they will feel the loss of Mr. Fletcher's services.

## A VANISHED HAND.

IF I am not very careful, I shall soon have that deadliest of all assets, a theatrical library. Week in, week out, they come drifting to me from the office of this REVIEW these dreadful, innumerable volumes about mimes dead and forgotten, plays and playwrights dead and forgotten, theatres pulled down and forgotten. Why are these volumes written? Why should anyone presume to remember things which are, and ought to be, forgotten by everyone else? Why these desperate raids on oblivion? Who wants to know that "the mantle of Macready, which fell all too soon from his sturdy shoulders, was modestly assumed by his brave and faithful lieutenant, Samuel Phelps, one of the great actors of the century whose noble work at Sadler's Wells can never be forgotten"? The fact is that the noble work of the nineteenth century (or does Mr. Scott \* mean Samuel Phelps' noble work?) at Sadler's Wells has been forgotten, clean forgotten, except by those persons who are old enough to have frequented Sadler's Wells during its management by the nineteenth century (or Samuel Phelps). For those who saw Samuel Phelps on the stage, such reminiscence may be interesting enough. If Samuel Phelps had possessed in his theatre a combination of phonograph and biograph to enable us to appreciate his abilities as clearly as those of any actor who is disporting himself to-night, then, no doubt, he might mean something to us. Perhaps there will soon be some such invention, and then our grandchildren will not yawn when they listen to our reminiscences of early-twentieth-century mimes. Failing such an invention, we shall, I am afraid, have either to keep our reminiscences to ourselves or to be accounted tedious. So long as the mime's performances are inaudible and invisible after his retirement or decease, so long must he, as artist, forego the claim to anything like immortality. Reminiscences of Thackeray or Browning, Millais or Rossetti, are interesting to us; for great writers and painters are known to us through imperishable work. Criticism of them does not seem to us belated; for we can ourselves still criticise them. But Phelps, Macready, Webster, Buckstone—at them, gently but firmly, we draw the line. Gently but firmly, we protest against any effort to drive in the thin end of immortality's wedge. We understand and respect the motive of such efforts, we suspect that we ourselves shall hereafter be guilty of similar efforts; but that does not make us shrink from the painful duty of discouraging them.

In reading Mr. Scott's book, then, I have carefully skipped those parts of it which deal with "the drama of yesterday." About "the drama of to-day," however, Mr. Scott is very well worth reading. He is generally in the wrong (as must be any man who regards Tom Robertson as a terminus), but he is never dully in the wrong. If a man is dull, rightness in him does not conciliate me. If he is not dull, wrongness in him is for me no drawback. Mr. Scott has a personality, and therefore I delight in him. It is not, perhaps, a very fine personality, and it is, in many respects, a very absurd personality; but the fact remains that it is a definite, consistent personality; and, as such, it always claims some of my attention. Mr. Scott has had, moreover, a strangely chequered life. Hot water has been, and still is, his natural element. His life has been a dissolving view of scimmages, and it is amusing to note how naïvely unconscious he is that the cause of his troubles lies merely in himself. Again and again, he suggests that dramatic criticism is the most exciting and dangerous career open to a young man. He speaks, ruefully, of "that fatal charger, dramatic criticism." He seems to think that an honest dramatic critic will always, of necessity, be embroiled with the objects of his criticism, and that disingenuousness is the only path to be trodden in peace. I need hardly point out that there is not, really, anything at all dangerous in the practice of honest dramatic criticism. Everything depends on the "tone" of your criticism, and on whether you make bosom-friends among the people whom you may be called on to criticise. Now, Mr. Scott has

\* "The Drama of Yesterday and To-day." Clement Scott. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1899. 36s. net.

always been much more interested in the art of acting than in the art of dramaturgy; and his temperament, and the circumstances under which he has written, have always combined to make his "tone" one of violent ecstasy—ecstasy of blame, ecstasy of praise. Mimes, as I have often pointed out, are necessarily more sensitive to praise or blame than are other artists. It is probable, therefore, that they would have been very often very angry with Mr. Scott even if they had never seen him outside a theatre. But here, again, comes in the question of temperament. Mr. Scott's temperament is such that he cannot admire a mime without yearning to grip him or her by the hand. "I told Fred Charles, who had acted with Fechter, and was now at the St. James's Theatre with Irving, that there were few young actors I was more desirous of meeting." And so Fred Charles arrived at Mr. Scott's room in the War Office, bringing young Irving in tow. The incident is typical. All through his life, Mr. Scott has lived in histrionic society. If he had cared nothing about acting, or if, caring, he had been able to express blame gently and temperately, there need have been no exciting consequences. But Mr. Scott has always cared more about acting than about anything else in the world, and, though a good performance has always filled him with a desire to grip the performer's hand, he has never felt restrained from lashing out at what seemed to him a bad performance by the fact of a previous handgrip. I do not pretend that so emotional a creature as Mr. Scott has never had his judgment warped by personal friendship (and personal enmity), but I incline to the belief that all the opinions he has expressed have been opinions in which at the moment of expression he did honestly believe. He has had his favourites, and his detestations. But he has always believed in the soundness of his superlatives in favour of his favourites, and of his superlatives in detraction of his detestations. And there have always come moments when he has turned and rent his favourites. What wonder that "bad blood" has been the result? What wonder that even those who were not favourites resented being wildly rent by one whom they knew personally, whom they often sat next to at supper? Ecstasy of praise is slightly discounted by personal acquaintance; but ecstasy of blame is very much aggravated by it. Mr. Scott wrote for a morning paper, and had never time for qualification. The critic of a morning paper must either confine himself to safe *clichés* or run riot in superlatives. Mr. Scott never confined himself to *clichés*, for he had theories about acting. Also, he had the lamentable distinction of being the most rapid writer on the press. He could write, in half an hour, more words than any other man—very long words, too, many of them. Thus, though he had not time enough for reflection, he had time enough to "rub it in." And if the embrocation happened to be a bitter one—well, then, no wonder he got himself disliked!

Personally, (not being an actor), I regret Mr. Scott's voluntary exile in America. I console myself with the assurance that soon he will be again in our midst. The Americans do things on a far larger scale than we. If Mr. Scott could not stand our buckets of hot water, will he stand the scalding reservoirs in New York? No! I expect that he will soon be here, more deeply than ever convinced that honest dramatic criticism means martyrdom, and that his colleagues escape the stake only because they are not honest. MAX.

#### LONDON PASSING AND COMING.

AS leases fall in London is being rapidly rebuilt, and rebuilt as high as the Building Acts allow. Victoria Street, Westminster, dwarfing the old monumental scale of the Abbey, and turning a fairly wide road into a "dark lane" gives us a taste of the new scale, a scale that will establish itself everywhere, fragment after fragment of the new London lifting itself up above the submerged village streets of the old style. Those village streets, the Strand for example, will be widened by the process of throwing a part of each site into the roadway, while the building is run up skywards. This process is going on piecemeal all over London, and the vision of a new city, formed of accidentally adjacent

skyscrapers, each the child of a separate fancy, ought to spoil the sleep of our ædiles. A highly original and varied taste, taking its fling in what is left when utility has exacted the last inch of window space, promises to distinguish many of the new buildings. Other compensations for change are held out by the sanguine. They talk for example of "Vistas." Those who do so imagine that it would be pleasing to see monumental buildings like S. Paul's revealed like a neat little toy at the distance of a mile, "sparkling like a grain of salt" as the vanishing point in a perspective of modern architecture. That is a delusion; we shall never gain anything to make up for the loss of a unique conspiracy of gothic and classic. By a cunning management, by a gothic disclosure in the approach you are delivered to the Renaissance, twisted thither by the stream-streets of the mediæval town with exciting hints of what is to come till the mass is immediate enough to tell overwhelmingly, then whirled past on narrow tides as a skiff is swept about under high rocks. The defeat of Wren's total project surely gave him more than he lost in this extraordinarily dramatic announcement of his great building, its crushing imminence, its baffling withdrawal like a dream of order and calm in a fever.

We are doomed to lose a great deal of this charm of the huddled gothic dædal in London. There is great danger that a very monstrous irregularity will take its place with no charm at all. The want of any general consent among the architects of a row of buildings to treat these buildings as neighbours instead of prize-fighters is one source of danger. The sober unity of quarters like the Adelphi, Bloomsbury, Regent Street with its quadrant and circus does not suit the architect who must brandish his dreadful originality in the face of the passer-by. But there is another source of danger when new avenues are driven through old quarters and that is the awkward character of the sites that may be left along their frontages. These may be so awkward that the most cunning architecture must struggle with them in vain. Now it is perhaps expecting too much of our ædiles that they should exercise a check on the extravagance of architects, but they may certainly be asked to give careful consideration to the shape cut by the approaches of big new roadways and to that of the plots of ground along their course. A little forethought both in planning and in expenditure may make the difference between angles and sections that will help the architect and shapeless chunks that will confound him; between a new line that plays in with the old like a natural artery, and a gash that leaves raw surfaces bare and old arteries confused. The authorities appear to think of one point only, that of rounding off angles so that the "buses" may turn easily: to the effect of the roundings on the street itself they do not give a thought.

I have just read, on these last points, an admirable article by Mr. Mervyn Macartney in the "Architectural Review" for December, and I write on the subject in the hope of increasing the number of its readers among County Councillors and those who have influence with them. Mr. Macartney's direct object is that the plan of the new avenue to be driven through between Holborn and the Strand may be improved in respect of its approach to the Strand and of the angles of the streets it encounters. His plan would evidently cost more initially, because more ground must be bought up, but the handsomer plots would doubtless pay in the end. It is a question moreover of making or marring one of our greatest streets. The subject of new streets in London is one that has profitably occupied discussion in the architects' section of the Art Workers' Guild from time to time, and I imagine that Mr. Macartney speaks for more than himself in the criticisms and suggestions he offers. He recounts, to begin with, the mistakes made in carrying out similar undertakings. "Charing Cross Road, Shaftesbury Avenue, Rosebery Avenue are all bad. Perhaps the worst is Charing Cross Road. It has no beginning and no end. Amorphous, tortuous . . . it is a monument of the ineptitude, parsimony and incompetence of its creators. Shaftesbury Avenue is but little better. With a good start from Piccadilly Circus, it meanders along until at its Holborn end it



loses itself, like a river in its delta, in a maze of mean streets branching off in all directions, leaving awkward and acute-angled plots of land between them." It is the fashion, Mr. Macartney goes on to say, to round the corners of roadways and building sites, instead of making a circus in the old fashion, a fashion that gave a capital chance to the architect, while the new gives him little but difficulty, as Mr. Macartney explains in detail. "When," he continues, "the curve occurs at the end of a wedge-shaped building, as so often is the case, the effect is appalling in its instability and poverty. The late Metropolitan Board of Works was guilty of producing numbers of those acute-angled sites and many an unhappy architect has come to grief over them." (How this awkwardness dogs improvements will be realised by figuring the shapes that arise when a new line is driven diagonally across a network of small streets.) Mr. Macartney points out that several awkward shapes of the kind would result from the present plan for the new street. Of its general scheme, its wide straight roadway and crescent at the base carrying it down the slope into the Strand at S. Clement Danes on the east and Wellington Street on the west he expresses high approval, but indicates with plans how it might be improved in detail. For these details I will refer my readers to the article, but one may be mentioned, that of running the main line through to S. Mary-le-Strand by a flight of steps as at the bottom of Waterloo Place. This is certainly a pretty and picturesque idea. Along the line of the new avenue Mr. Macartney would have the County Council put up some specimen buildings by good architects and insist on a general keeping in the style of the rest. One trembles at this suggestion till the names of the architects are announced; but if Mr. Macartney will privately whisper in the ear of the Council a sound list, let them play Haussmann by all means. Another good proposal is for open-air cafés in the street. It is our restricted pavements perhaps as much as the London blacks that prevent us from turning the "pavé" into a great common club room and theatre as in Paris, where you may sit down and talk or look at the street and its passing crowd, not the least enjoyable of spectacles.

How much a little thought is wanted, how little is given is illustrated incidentally by Mr. Macartney in speaking of the corner of Wellington Street by Somerset House. We have all regretted the shockingly incongruous new building at this corner as one of the unavoidable caprices of individual proprietorship. But it appears that the Government might have had the site to extend Somerset House, and are actually now spending in rent for offices in this very building a sum sufficient to pay interest on the capital required for its erection. How relentlessly, on the other hand, all that is beautiful in Old London is threatened is illustrated by another incidental remark in the same article. The "Inigo Jones" houses in Leicester Square with their fine gate piers are said to be doomed. The papers record the sale in lots of yet another of Sir Christopher Wren's City churches. The improvement of London goes on terribly fast.

D. S. M.

There are two special exhibitions now open which no one should miss. The first is Messrs. Agnew's "Twenty English Masterpieces," the other is a new batch of Mr. Brabazon's watercolours and pastels at Messrs. Goupil's. I have never known an epicure to match this gentleman. He distils a wine of his own from all manner of home and foreign fields and hills, a dreamy sublimation of their colour; but he distils also from the wine of others, for his own use, a liqueur, a quintessence. Here for example is essence of Velazquez (a rare vintage, Vienna) and an extract of Watteau, a little rose-leaf figure all ethereal and affright. It is a wonderful art.

D. S. M.

#### PADEREWSKI AND OTHERS.

IN England pianists are valued according to the amount of money they can "draw." Pianists who play worse and worse every time they visit us gradually build up huge reputations as the size of their houses increases. Take Paderewski, for instance.

When he first came here, the press almost hooted him. But when the press discovered that he could fill St. James's Hall every time he played, the press discovered him to be a great pianist; and since he raised his price to a guinea per stall, he has been idolised—by the press. Why I am not at the present moment gurgling with praise of his last recital I cannot guess. It cannot be that I am leaving the highest and noblest traditions of British criticism. It cannot be personal spite, for I have never had any dealings with the gentleman. Can it really be that he did not play well, and my ears told me so? That, at the first blush, is a preposterous hypothesis; and besides, a musical critic has no business whatever to use his ears. Yet, although a musical critic should not use his ears, and although the hypothesis is undoubtedly a preposterous one, I am constrained to say that the preposterous has forced itself upon me as the absolutely true, and that Paderewski did not play well at his last recital.

Paderewski has always been a great favourite of mine. When he first came here he impressed me as a genuine artist and a fine one. He went on playing just the same, just as well, while we were all trying to prevent the public attending his concerts. When the crowded hall showed us how great a pianist he really was, and we stated in cold type that he really was great, he not only played as well as before, but perhaps better. When the fairest society dames were tripping over one another's fair toes to secure seats for him at a guinea apiece, even then he continued to improve. His playing became less sensational, and gained in breadth. But though I still admire him enormously, I could not admire enormously anything that he did the other day, and some of the things he did I could not admire at all. His rendering of the Beethoven sonata in G, for example (the G belonging to the second period) was in parts very good; but it never rose to the topmost heights. He treated the tender decorative passages in the slow movement as mere bravura passages and tried to show how fast he could play them: he made them stand out, to speak figuratively, clothed in gleaming gold and silver against the melancholy greys and dead greens of the principal themes. The finale was better: it was even, broad, dignified, and filled with the right strong yet restrained emotion. But when he came to the Chopin he absolutely filled me with annoyance in the first item, the ballade in A flat. Here his endeavour seemed to be to play every semiquaver passage as if it had been written in demi-semiquavers or even smaller notes; so that whenever one of these passages occurred the music suddenly went galloping ahead at a pace that left one dumbfounded and mystified. Moreover the contrasts were exaggerated to a painful degree. Every forte became a fortissimo, every piano a pianissimo. The one thing left quite unexaggerated was the rhythm, although rhythm is one of the most important elements in this particular ballade, and although, indeed, rhythm is of necessity one of the most important elements in any piece of music written in the ballade form. In fact, all of his Chopin that I heard was hopelessly de-Chopinised. There are, broadly speaking, two ways of playing Chopin. Esipoff is the finest exponent of the one way, and Paderewski used to be the finest exponent of the other way. Esipoff used to browbeat the gentle, sensitive composer, used to play him with stupendous force, until at last, somehow, one was made to feel the true Chopin atmosphere. It was as if a lovely flower was crushed in a "mailed fist" and the odour necessarily came out and spread through the hall. The other way is the caressing way. Paderewski used to caress every phrase with the utmost tenderness, and gently press its sweetness out. Now (judging by his latest exhibition) he neither smashes nor caresses the flower: the flower indeed seems to be nothing to him: all he apparently wishes to do is to turn the decorative passages into bravura passages. That sort of thing is, to me at any rate, intolerable. It is less suited to Paderewski than to many pianists, because he always elects to play on a piano which is as sensitive as he used to be, and which on the application of the smallest trifle of force in excess produces sounds which make one think of precious china being dropped on to the floor by a careless servant. Paderewski's playing used to give me such intense pleasure that I still hope

he will return to his old ways, the ways he had before he could send £1,000 to the War Fund. And (quite by the way) why on this special occasion did he not give us a set of variations on Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of the "Absent-Minded Beggar"? He once gave us some variations on the "Last Rose of Summer." But perhaps this is a painful subject.

Hearing that the Sunday concerts in Queen's Hall had been stopped, I attended one of them on last Sunday afternoon. They were proceeding as usual. It is to be hoped that this means that Mr. Newman—or rather the Sunday Concert Society—is going to fight the London County Council to the last ditch. No one interferes with Mr. — (I won't mention any names) holding forth at meetings at Hyde Park on Sunday afternoons and selling Socialist tracts there; although it is well known that the said Mr. — earns his livelihood by this business. Why then should Mr. — be allowed to interfere with the Sunday afternoon concerts, although it is well known that Mr. Newman gains nothing by them? It cannot be of course that Mr. — imagines that Mr. Newman is taking away his (Mr. —'s) Sunday afternoon audiences. It cannot be that Sunday afternoon concerts are considered more wrong than the Sunday evening concerts permitted by the L. C. C. in other places. After carefully following the various discussions of the matter only this much is clear to me: that the fact of Mr. Newman making nothing out of the Sunday concerts shows him to be a humbug when he says he makes nothing. This kind of logic is, of course, clear, appallingly clear; but I fancy, and hope, it will commend itself to no body more important than the Lord's Day Observance Society. Anyhow, it is time the offensive was taken by the other side. This ought to be a "test question" to every would-be County Councillor at the next election—Will he or will he not vote in favour of Sunday concerts being allowed? If this were done, even Mr. John Burns, who used to be Socialist and now appears to be Liberal, would give his vote on the right side. As for last Sunday's concert, it was, in its way, a good enough concert. Better have been given, and better will be given; still, Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture, Mendelssohn's Italian symphony and Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture made a fair programme for a Sunday afternoon.

There have been several dozens of concerts lately, but none better or much duller than Mr. Dohnanyi's in St. James's Hall on Monday. It was entirely devoted to Mr. Dohnanyi's works, which are excellent, considered as a student's exercises, but do not demand serious consideration as works of art. Of the smaller concerts, there is only one other which I care to notice, and that is Miss Nora Clench's. Miss Clench plays the violin extremely well—in fact it is improbable that more than half a dozen of the bandmen behind her could have played it better. But she was handicapped by Doctor Stanford's indifferent conducting. He followed her, it is true, with a certain faithfulness; but that is not quite sufficient. I hope to hear Miss Clench under more favourable conditions.

J. F. R.

## FINANCE.

WE have had another dull and unprofitable week on the Stock Exchange, as a result of the two causes which have operated in restriction of business for some weeks past—the lack of definite and favourable news from the seat of war, and the stringency in the Money Market. That big engagements are imminent in the neighbourhood of Ladysmith and elsewhere may be accepted as a self-evident proposition; but General Buller prefers to take his own time, and apparently is not in the least disposed to oblige the members of the Stock Exchange in the matter either of the engagement or of news as to the dispositions and intentions of his forces. In the meantime the public refrains from buying much. Members persist in their attitude of hopefulness, but many of them are beginning to doubt if the much-delayed revival, consequent upon the big victories which are to be scored by the British arms, will be brought about on this side of Christmas. They certainly do not look

for any easing of the monetary conditions before that season, and there is no reason why they should. The stringency has during the last few days become still more strikingly marked. The Six per cent. rate has not induced any large imports of gold from abroad. The influx in the week has been only £44,000, and though it served to delay, our high Bank rate has not deflected the requirements of Argentina, for yesterday saw a big withdrawal.

The rise in the French Bank rate to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. will not help matters here. The question of a further rise in the Bank of England rate will probably have to be taken in hand next week or the week following, if it is seen that the present rate is unequal to the emergency. The provinces want money for purposes of trade, and it is certain that the Christmas demands of the country will be large. Assuming it is rendered inevitable, this further rise would only be maintained until the turn of the year, when the return of cash from the provinces in the shape of taxes would afford sensible relief. But it seems to us that even then the ease will be only temporary. There are the further contributions towards the cost of the war to be kept in mind: the trade movement is likely to continue active and to call for relatively large requirements of cash. Yesterday as much as £670,000 was withdrawn from the Central Institution for South America. This week's Bank return, as might have been expected, is a poor one. The note circulation is £51,000 higher, while there is a decrease of £333,500 in the stock of coin and bullion: so that the reserve is lower by £384,500. The proportion to liabilities, however, at  $44\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., is 3 per cent. higher on the week though still nearly 6 per cent. lower than at this time last year. Public Deposits show a decrease of £1,217,000 and Other Deposits £2,956,000; while, on the other hand, Other Securities are lower by £2,528,000 and Government Securities by £1,280,000.

The monetary stringency is responsible almost entirely for the absence of business in the Home Railway section. The traffics continue excellent. The Great Western has added a further £10,900 to its credit, bringing the aggregate increase for the half year to date to nearly £422,000: the North Western reports £10,578 increase: the North Eastern, £15,060, and so forth: in fact, the District is again the only line which fails to show an improvement. But, in spite of this, and the nearness of the dividend announcements, there is no inducement to deal: the brokers are, if anything, less inclined to do business than their clients, and, though nowhere are there signs of weakness, prices show a tendency to slip back. Lancashire and Yorkshire has given way on the proposed new issue of Preference stock, and Metropolitanans have been put lower, also on the new Preference issue. Scotch stocks have hardened on the agreement as to mineral rates. In other respects the market has been quite uninteresting.

South African mines have responded to the various favourable and unfavourable rumours which have been set afloat, but have not fluctuated much. There has been some quiet selling by weak holders disappointed at the slowness of the military movements and the holding back of the big spurt which was to have brought them handsome profits. But there has been no lack of buyers, and the market is in a better position since the opening of this account than it was before. It is to be noted that there is little offering of the better class shares, especially the dividend payers, Ferreiras, Crowns, Robinsons, and the like; and this fact may be taken as an indication of confidence in the future of gold mining in the Transvaal. It would appear from a message obligingly sent through from Pretoria this week that many of the mines are being filled with water. Those companies which have Germans and Frenchmen for a majority of their shareholders are to be permitted to pump; but there need be no particular alarm on the part of the proprietors of the properties not expressly named. The clearing of water from the workings is not a very troublesome, very lengthy, or very costly proceeding, and that the Boer Government is desirous of keeping



well with Europe in this matter seems a not unfair inference from its anxiety to have us posted in regard to the output. Anyway, it cannot draw a sharp line between the English and foreign shareholders, because such a sharp line is not possible.

Westralian mines have seen a rally during the latter half of the week, though still an unsatisfactory market. Lake Views have been the most prominent item. They were very flat at first, and thanks to the banging of the bears, went as low as 16½ in the street on Monday. The adverse rumours circulated as to the position of the property caused the directors to issue on the following evening a circular in which they cautioned the shareholders against parting with their shares as a consequence of these rumours, circulated, they added, "by persons whose interest it is to depreciate the market price." In the same circular they prepared the shareholders for a considerable reduction in the yield—"the output for November and December may be possibly as low as 10,000 ounces per month;" and informed them of the removal of the temporary manager of the mine. The document was not particularly cheering, but after a little reflection, operators read favourable meanings into it, and with strong inside support the shares improved. The position remains extremely unsatisfactory, all the same, and if people show themselves prone to credit adverse rumours about the property, the directors have only themselves to blame. The information which they supply is meagre—altogether insufficient upon which to base any well-balanced estimate of the mine and its prospects. Serious persons are convincing themselves, in the absence of any proper sort of answer by the directors to the statements made, that these persistent bear attacks can only have been made by those who are pretty well informed, and in the circumstances their attitude is not unreasonable. We hope to deal with the whole subject of Lake Views and their prospects in an early issue, and for the moment nothing more need be said, except that it seems tolerably certain that the price of most if not all Westralian shares is unjustifiably inflated. Horseshoes have been a firm spot in view of the forthcoming introduction to the Paris market.

Foreigners, without being particularly active, have yet kept relatively firm, thanks in the main to support by Paris. Spanish Fours owe their present hardness to this cause and of the other favourites of that market the same may be said. Turkish Bonds have moved upwards as a result of buying by the Continental syndicate which has taken in hand the task of putting them better. Threes have been noticeably good and presumably we shall see a further hardening. Argentine securities, though they present no very striking feature, continue firm, and Funding is noticeably hard. The good traffics and the generally satisfactory trade prospects have attracted attention to Argentine railways. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary, not long ago reconstructed, have been dealt in for the special settlement. The line is earning 10 per cent. and the price has risen within the last few weeks from something like 50 to 63½. This stock seems to be deserving of particular attention.

American Rails have again been, on the whole, one of the best sections in all the House. The good Bank statement induced purchases of some specialties at the beginning of the week, but New York sold and depressed the market here. On Wednesday, however, there was a very smart recovery of all the ground lost, and this section has since been good with a more than fair amount of business. President McKinley's Message to Congress was better received here than in Wall Street. The currency promises are good, and if not quite so definite as they might be as an expression of Presidential aspirations, let it be remembered that they are more explicit than anything to which Mr. McKinley has hitherto given utterance on this subject. The National Banking Act is unequal to the changed conditions induced by the growth of trade, Congress can scarcely shut its eyes to the restraints caused by the utter obsolescence of the present act. Meantime, New York is giving only a qualified support, and quotations at the close this week are generally lower.

Chesapeake have again been fairly firm, and among others Unions, Illinois, and Denver Preference have attracted attention.

#### ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

An issue of £200,000 Four per Cent. Irredeemable Debentures has been made by Bent's Brewery Company Limited, at 102 per cent.

The Electrolytic Alkali Company Limited ("Hargreaves-Bird" process) proposes to acquire and work certain patents for the United Kingdom and it has a capital of £500,000—£200,000 in Seven per Cent. Preference and £300,000 in Ordinary shares each of £1. The public have been invited to take up 100,000 of the former and 150,000 of the latter.

#### INSURANCE.

A QUESTION which an intending insurer is confronted with when taking out a policy on his life is whether or not he should participate in profits. In the great majority of cases assurers elect to do so, and about 83 per cent. of the total assurances in force in the United Kingdom participate in profits, and about 17 per cent. do not. For many years past it has been generally recognised that it is advantageous to take a participating policy. It is urged, and in most cases rightly urged, that in calculating the premiums for a non-participating policy the cost has to be estimated on a basis that provides for contingencies, such as a decrease in the rate of interest, exceptionally heavy mortality, or increase of expenditure. On the other hand in the case of participating policies, although a higher premium is charged, the whole or the greater part of the difference between the actual cost and the estimated cost is returned to the policy-holders. Thus the non-participating policy-holders probably pay to the company more than the actual cost of their insurance, while the participating policy-holders in the long run, pay only the actual cost, and in addition, share in the profits from the non-participating business and in certain offices from the sale of annuities.

In the case of an office of high standing, holding strong reserves, working economically, and declaring good bonuses, it is almost invariably best for the policy-holder, in the long run, to participate in profits, but in the case of an office where these conditions do not prevail it may frequently be better to take a non-participating policy, although of course the best plan of all would be to take a with-profit policy in an office of better standing. To give a concrete instance, it is possible for a man aged thirty to obtain for a premium of £10 a year a non-participating policy for £515 payable at death, while for the same premium in a certain office a participating policy would only assure £408 to commence with and at the present rate of bonus would only amount to £510 at the end of twenty-five years. There can be no doubt that in this instance the non-profit policy would be better than the one that shared in surplus. It may be well to point out certain considerations which suggest that in many more cases than is usually supposed non-participating assurance is better for the assured than with-profit policies.

In the first place the rates of premium on with-profit policies are largely determined by competition. If one office of high standing quotes low premiums for this class of assurance other offices have greater difficulty in selling their policies at higher rates. With the exception that some of the conditions of the policy of one office, such as surrender values, or conditions as to foreign travel, may be more liberal than the conditions of another office, all non-participating policies of the same class are practically identical. The benefit conferred by them is fixed and it is a very simple matter to compare the rates of premium. If, therefore, competition reduces the premiums for non-profit policies, to a point that can only be satisfactory to an office with strong reserves, it is possible that a weak company may be compelled to quote non-participating rates that are unremunerative, and in this way the non-participating business may become a

source of loss rather than of gain and thereby decrease the rate of bonus they can afford to pay. Moreover, with the decline in the rate of interest that is at present being experienced, bonuses are more or less certain to decrease all round, so lessening the value of participating policies at the same time that the rates for non-profit policies exhibit a tendency to decrease. Thus the advantage formerly held by participating policies is becoming less than it was partly because bonuses are likely to be less than before and partly because non-participating policies are becoming cheaper.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE TRANSVAAL DEBT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mitcham, Surrey, 5 December.

SIR,—As I understand him, Mr. Banister, in his letter in your last issue, proposes that, when England has subdued the South African Republics, she should allow—or even encourage—the Transvaal to repudiate its just debts! Would not that be rather a new departure for England—hitherto setting up for a model of financial righteousness, and given to sneer at “foreign” countries, and their habit of repudiating inconvenient liabilities? Why should we act differently in this case from the course we took in the case of Egypt? Our campaign against Arabi was called by those who disapproved of it “a bondholders’ war,” and one of the results of it, at any rate, was to resuscitate Egyptian solvency and credit. And that result, if I mistake not, has tended to diminish the aversion with which our occupation has been regarded by Europe. A policy of allowing repudiation of debt would surely lay us open to the imputation of selfish motives for this war, which our Government has so often and energetically denied. The case of the United States and the “Confederate loan” is in no way a parallel. That was a loan openly for war purposes, and contracted during actual hostilities. The only debt of the Transvaal, known on European Stock Exchanges is a paltry two and a half millions, contracted, I think, in 1890, years before the Raid, or any idea of a war had arisen. The only other public engagement is a loan, or guarantee, connected with the Transvaal railway system.

It would be rather hard measure to mete out to the financiers who, *bonâ fide*, lent their money to a State—to lose it merely because the State had, long years after, engaged in war and been subdued. The little loan has not much longer to run, and, when the Transvaal is under British rule, could doubtless be replaced at a much lower rate of interest—not that 5 per cent. is such a very usurious rate to pay! Let us hope that England has not come down to quite such a mean level as to preach repudiation of contracts!

C. MOSTYN.

### ELEMENTARY TEACHERS—A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 Albion Place, The Crescent, Salford,  
6 December, 1899.

SIR,—“There is no class of the community so hard-worked or that has so much to learn as teachers in elementary schools.” Such is the opinion, as quoted in last week’s REVIEW, which the Bishop of London delivered when speaking of the work of the University Extension Society among the teachers.

What a commentary it is upon our methods of pedagogic training! Here are men and women engaged in a national work of vital importance—a work requiring real education if any does; many of them have passed through a training college, and yet they apparently feel the necessity of gaining “something in the way of real education” through a voluntary agency whose lectures necessarily fill part of their well-earned leisure!

Admirable though the Society’s object undoubtedly is as regards the teachers, ought their “real education”

to be left entirely in its hands? Would it not be better so to alter and improve the previous training and education of teachers that this supplementary patching up should not be necessary?

Extension lectures are also largely attended by pupil teachers who hope by gaining the Society’s certificate to carry marks into the competitive Queen’s Scholarship examination which entitles one candidate in three or four to a course of training. But it is not easy to gain much benefit from a course conducted on lines different from those which guide the rest of the pupil teacher’s studies; and this difference is often revealed by a failure to secure the desired mark-bearing certificate.

If these extension lectures are to cease to be pearls without a setting it will be necessary to widen the pupil-teacher course. Already numbers of University men and women are at work in pupil-teacher centres; the department has also agreed to recognise matriculations, the locals, and similar examinations as substitutes for the Queen’s Scholarship; and so at last the same examination which opens the University also opens the Training College to the Queen’s Scholar. As the number, at present small, who avail themselves of these newly granted privileges increases, they who will have the moulding of our future democracy will no longer be merely “trained” as heretofore; they will be educated—and liberally educated—also.

I am, yours obediently,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

### THE SYMPHONY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I be allowed a few words in reply to Mr. Baughan’s letter which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 18 November?

It will be observed that Mr. Baughan does not venture to assert that the word Symphony can now mean simply what its etymology implies, and I presume he accepts my theory that its meaning has grown from its usage by great composers, and its association with their mature works. If so, I hardly see how he can object to the application of the term being governed by the rules in conformity to which all the great symphonies have been composed.

I cannot but smile at Mr. Baughan’s reference to the so-called symphony in G of Mozart—in one movement—written in the early days of the symphony. The probabilities are that that composition was transformed from an overture into a *movement of a symphony* which Mozart never proceeded further with. But even were it a symphony it would merely be a lonely exception of which his riper judgment disapproved.

The symphony we are told was evolved from the overture and it became a matured work of art, thanks to Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Its evolution ceased when it received the stamp of maturity from those giants of music. The evolution now going on in symphonic music must be the evolution of a new thing from the symphony, and when truly evolved and distinctive it must have a proper name because a thing that has obtained a separate and distinct existence rightfully demands a name. It may yet be improved in details but its essential form and style will be the signs of the correct use of its name.

A composition in one movement is, therefore, wanting in the necessary characteristics of a symphony, and to call all those compositions symphonies which may be written in one of those movements in any order the composer pleases so that they rightly express the thing in the composer’s mind and make the hearer feel it, is to bring back the word to the indefiniteness of literary protoplasm.

A mere bagatelle that might easily comply with Mr. Baughan’s conditions would not deserve to be called a symphony.

At the close of his letter, Mr. Baughan refers to a composition which he would call a symphony but which could not be written in “symphony style”—and style he appears to consider is the only sign of a symphony. That would be a musical counterpart of the play of “Hamlet” with the Prince omitted.

The “discussion that amused our grandfathers” has no *raison d’être* to-day. The question has long been



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"And yet, Nita, and yet—can any tell  
How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step,  
A light step, or a dreamy dip of oars?  
Is there a stirring of leaves or ruffle of wings?  
For it seems to me that softly, without hand  
Surely she touches me."

We are now in the centre of the tragedy. With fearful precipitancy events hurry to the catastrophe. Giovanni learns the truth from Lucrezia, his heart to be henceforth torn between the fiercely contending passions of the old love for that brother, that "little Paolo" with whom he had slept when a child, whom he had led by the hand and "lifted over rough places," and the new hatred for the stainer of his honour, for the thief of his heart's treasure. But a conflict not less fierce and terrible is raging in the breast of Paolo, and he resolves to destroy himself by poison. The two brothers meet disguised and unknown to each other in a shop in which drugs and love-charms are sold, Giovanni to purchase a philtre "that can enthrall a woman's wandering heart and all her thoughts subdue," Paolo to acquire the means of putting an end to his shame and to his

passion. There Giovanni hears from Paolo's own lips what Lucrezia had told him, but learns at the same time that the retribution which was due from him would in a few minutes be exacted by the offender from himself. Paolo, with the deadly drug in his hand, flings out of the shop into the night. But Love is stronger than Death. "Life, life," he exclaims "I cannot leave thee, for she lives."

"Much is permitted to a man condemned :  
I'll see her, hear her, touch her ere I die."

Meanwhile Giovanni thinking that the poison has done its work is suddenly summoned to quell a mutiny at Pesaro for which place he sets out. And Paolo and Francesca meet. There will be no restraint now; Love will have its way, but Love is hand in hand with Death.

"Pao. Now fades the last  
Star to the East : a mystic breathing comes  
And all the trees once quiver'd and were still.  
Franc. It is the first, the faint stir of the dawn  
Pao. So still it is that we might almost hear  
The sigh of all the sleepers in the world  
Franc. And all the rivers running to the sea."

The act closes with a fine paraphrase of the passage in Dante ending with the line

"Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."

The last act commences with the return of Giovanni who learns from Lucrezia that Paolo has not destroyed himself, but is still about the house, and they concert a plot to surprise the lovers. But Francesca, in a most touching scene, implores the childless Lucrezia to be a mother to her and to take her for her child. Lucrezia, after a burst of passionate affection, resolves to save her from the vengeance which she knows is imminent, and leaves her in the care of Nita while she goes to seek Giovanni, solemnly warning her not to allow Paolo to approach her. But unhappily in Lucrezia's absence Nita thoughtlessly leaves her and Paolo makes his way to her. Neither now knows any control and the lovers, in an ecstasy of passion, defying fate and courting death, lock themselves in each other's arms. They pass behind the curtain and are seen no more alive.

"What can we fear, we two?  
O God, Thou seest us Thy creatures bound  
Together by that law which holds the stars  
In palpitating cosmic passion bright :  
By which the very sun entrals the earth,  
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon.  
Even by such attraction we two rush  
Together through the everlasting years.  
Us, then whose only pain can be to part,  
How wilt thou punish? For what ecstasy  
Together to be blown about the globe!  
What rapture in perpetual fire to burn  
Together! where we are endless fire.  
There centuries shall in a moment pass,  
And all the cycles in one hour elapse!  
Still, still together, even when faints Thy sun,  
And past our souls Thy stars like ashes fall,  
How wilt thou punish us who cannot part?"

Franc. I lie out on your arm and say your name—  
Paolo! Paolo!"

In a few moments Lucrezia is saying "I have borne one child and she has died in youth" and Giovanni

"Unwillingly  
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now  
I kiss them on the forehead quietly"

Work like this requires no comment and praise would be mere impertinence. It unquestionably places Mr. Phillips in the first rank of modern dramatists and of modern poets. It does more: it proclaims his kinship with the aristocrats of his art, with Sophocles, with Dante. The plot has its infirmities. Neither the scene in the inn near Rimini nor the scene in the druggist's shop serves any further purpose than to give variety to the action, the one has neither distinction nor relevance, the other lacks probability and is rather tacked on than woven into the main tissue of the fable. But the central theme and design, the passion that is destiny shattering its way, amid the lurid glimpse—lights of irony through a labyrinth of conflicting instincts and affections till all is madness and ruin, is depicted with a skill and power worthy of Sophocles. Dante is frequently recalled to us in the piercing pathos and in the flashes of intense imaginative power embodied with all his terse and trenchant fidelity. As here where Giovanni who supposes his brother has poisoned himself:

"Ne'er did I strike and hew as yesterday  
And that armed ghost of Paolo by me rode ;"

or here :

"They catch fire those parapets!  
And through the blaze doth her white face look out  
Like one forgot, yet possible to save."

And the whole of the fourth act is superb. In the delineation of the characters if we except Lucrezia, who is admirably drawn, and Francesca, Mr. Phillips is not, we think, so successful.

Lucrezia is no doubt exactly true to nature, but we doubt the propriety of representing her expressing her peculiar grievance to a man; she is much more likely to have made a confidante of one of her own sex. Surely too Francesca's fears and visions would have had more point had they been anticipatory of the fate which was about to overtake her and that could very easily have been managed. But these are trifles. Mr. Phillips has made a memorable contribution both to English poetry and to English drama.

J. CHURTON COLLINS.

#### MORE POT-POURRI.

"More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden." By Mrs. C. W. Earle. London: Smith, Elder. 1899. 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Earle must be congratulated on a charming piece of self-portraiture, unconsciously presented. She says that some of her friends wrote to her about "Pot-Pourri," "The book is so extraordinarily like yourself, that we can hear your voice speaking all through it," and it would be difficult to pay her a prettier compliment. But it is easy for a lady to bask gracefully in the sunshine of appreciative reviews, of which "Pot-Pourri" had any quantity. What is much more delightful about its successor is that Mrs. Earle seems just as pleased with, and much more ready to chat about, remarks that would ruffle most feathers. She says that some of the London booksellers were rather amusing, and that she has much sympathy with their opinions. One of them said to a friend of hers that the book was going into the sixth edition, and he "couldn't conceive why, as there was nothing in it." Another "shrewdly remarked" (the adverb is delightful) "that he called the book a social success, not a literary one." Mrs. Earle even throws out the suggestion that the success of the book "proved that many many people wished to give it to someone else, because they found in it a gentle rod wherewith to scourge their neighbour." After the booksellers the candid friends. Mrs. Earle indiscreetly asked a rather intimate friend whether he had read "Pot-Pourri." He replied rather hastily, "No, I gave it to my cook." From this she serenely draws the conclusion that the cookery parts had better be collected together as much as possible, instead of being jumbled up as they were. Since, however, she still tacks some on to every month, they are nearly as difficult to find out as before. One gentleman, of whom Mrs. Earle has nothing worse to say than that he "is the father of several children" (which indeed, perhaps, explains his candour and force of style), wrote of her theory of the best relation between young and old that it is "innately ridiculous, essentially false, and at once morbid, superficial, and mischievous." But if he thought thus lightly to ruffle Mrs. Earle's serenity he was very much mistaken.

Mrs. Earle makes, with some timidity, the confession that she is a non-meat-eater, and therefore that she has not personally experimented on most of her principal recipes. She insists, by the way, on calling them "receipts," and argues that in an old cookery-book of hers, "written by a lady, and published in 1770," the word is so spelt. We are afraid that neither of these arguments is entirely convincing. "Recipe" undoubtedly was applied first to a prescription to be taken. But there is no reason in the nature of things why a prescription should not apply to a sauce as much as to a black draught. The fact thus confessed is only another proof of Mrs. Earle's broad sympathies with other people's likings. Most vegetarians—who are generally very like teetotallers—make it their first object in life to entrap one into taking "vegetarian steak" or some such abomination. The recipes are by no means all remarkable, and some are taken bodily out of other books, which seems a little unfair. The most useful are probably those not usually to be found—the pickling of damsons, for example, or the treatment of forgotten vegetables, such as purslane. This wholesome tolerance comes out very well in the section on that inexhaustible subject for ladies—the unreasonableness of servants. Mrs. Earle, with characteristic benevolence and justice, thinks that many of their unreasoning ways are merely inherited traditions, which they can no more shake off without long training than a gipsy can shake off his nomad instincts. "The attitude of the mind," she says, "and the ways and customs of servants are as incomprehensible to us as are those of the gipsies; and to worry and hurry people who have not our views, and whose laws are not ours, whose morality is not ours, whose customs are not ours, is a most useless tyranny, be it directed against gipsies or against servants."

Although this Horatian book is "from a Surrey garden," the gardening part is scarcely so good or so interesting as much of the rest. Occasionally there are some useful hints from experience of a particular plant; but for the most part there is little more than descriptions of some flowers that have taken Mrs. Earle's fancy. The best way to make use of these would be always to look them out before getting them in Robinson's "English Flower-Garden." She has got the names with most creditable correctness; almost the only blunder we have noted, except some slight inaccuracies in the names of roses, being "chymonanthus" for "cheimonanthus."

Lastly, Mrs. Earle has the same "flair" for good literature found out of the way as she showed in her former volume, in



proof of which we may instance her appreciation of "Ionica." It is a pity, however, that she did not take more care to note the authorship or source of her manifold cuttings, which now we fear must often be quite lost. In a house near Dublin once frequented by John Wesley, she noted on a thick wall this inscription, translated, she believes, from the German:—

"The Angels from their throne on high  
Look down on us with pitying eye,  
That where we are but passing guests  
We build such strong and solid nests,  
But where we hope to dwell for aye  
We scarce take heed a stone to lay."

And she adds the excellent comment, that there is a strong practical common-sense in the lines which would have appealed to Wesley's instincts. But why should she quote such familiar poems as Wordsworth's "Ode to the Small Celandine," or Byron's "Bright be the place of thy soul"?

It is a useless question to ask whether this book is better than its predecessor or not. It is certainly not the proverbial "second book" doomed to failure, but is rather a second and quite as good volume of a book already found charming. An excellent critic of the first volume said that "a spirit of a benign and motherly materialism broods over the book," and Mrs. Earle characteristically "thought the expression rather nice, because it was what she had aimed at."

#### STORY AND HISTORY.

- "Won by the Sword" (6s.), "A Roving Commission" (6s.), "No Surrender!" (5s.). By G. A. Henty. London: Blackie. 1899.
- "In Times of Peril" (3s. 6d.), "Out on the Pampas" (3s. 6d.). By G. A. Henty. London: Griffith, Farran. 1899.
- "Tom Graham, V.C." (3s. 6d.). By William Johnston. "A Captain of Irregulars." (5s.). By Herbert Hayens. London: Nelson. 1899.
- "For the Old Flag." By C. R. Fenn. London: Sampson Low. 1899. 5s.
- "Cuthbert Hartington." By G. A. Henty. London: Partridge. 1899. 5s.
- "In the Year of Waterloo." By O. N. Caine. London: Nisbet. 1899. 6s.
- "With Shield and Assegai." By Captain Brereton. London: Blackie. 1899. 3s. 6d.
- "The King's Signet." By Eliza Pollard. London: Blackie. 1899. 3s. 6d.
- "Forward, March!" By Kirke Munroe. London and New York: Harper. 1899. 3s. 6d.
- "Remember the Maine." By Gordon Stables. London: Nisbet. 1899. 5s.

To look for novelty in the way of Christmas stories is to seek the impossible. Time, the bookmaking energy of certain writers and the ready acceptance by the gift-buying public of what is provided for them combine to cheat originality. With here and there an exception last year's books, re-issued, would serve this year's purpose as readily as those specially prepared. It is true the writers change their ground and re-name their heroes and heroines, but incidents and characters are the same from season to season. And as a matter of fact the Christmas book comes as fresh to youthful palates as the Yuletide feast itself. Whether the mass of such books is not as bad for the mental digestion as are plum pudding and mince pies for the physical, is a nice point which need not be argued now. Rather we stand astonished at the immoderation of the output. On the whole, Christmas books, though advancing no claim to be regarded as literature, probably make for good both intellectually and morally. That at least is something to be grateful for. If they have any effect at all they cannot fail to strengthen patriotism, to foster chivalry, and to confirm the "go" of the rising generation. What splendid fellows are these heroes we are called upon to read of! What excellent generals, we take it, in the absence of the Commander-in-chief's opinion to the contrary, many of our writers for boys would make! What battles they win, what ambushes they avoid, what forlorn hopes they lead to triumph! If as writers they cannot hope to be stylists like the author of "Treasure Island"—of which, by the way, Messrs. Cassell are publishing a new illustrated edition—they at any rate emulate Stevenson in mere recklessness of adventure. With a Henty in command and a staff composed of a Fenn, a Caine, a Johnston, a Hayens and a Stables there need be little fear of serious reverses in the field. Modesty would possibly prevent these writers from accepting any offer to constitute themselves an alternative Council of Imperial Defence, but in declining to take such responsibility they would fall far short of the stick-at-nothing ideal they set their own heroes.

Mr. G. A. Henty still strides the Christmas book-world like a Colossus. All the stories published under his name this season—to wit "In Times of Peril" and "Out on the Pampas"—are not part of this year's output. There is one volume bearing Mr. Henty's name which it gives us rather a shock to discover on our list. "Cuthbert Hartington" is not a book for boys and

girls, though many fathers and mothers, it is to be feared, will purchase it in the confident belief that it is. The name of the writer and of the publishers will alike mislead. The story is a novel dealing with the siege of Paris, with artists' models and with love and war generally. As a volume for youthful consumption it is undesirable in a minimum degree only because it is Mr. Henty's work. With the novel as novel we have no particular fault to find, but Mr. Henty may justly be incensed to find it put upon the market as one of his ordinary Christmas efforts. Of the three new historical stories—three seem to be Mr. Henty's regulation contribution—it can only be said that they show little if any falling off so far as grip of historic fact and dramatic possibility is concerned. "No Surrender" gives a most moving picture of the struggle maintained by La Vendée against the Revolutionary forces. Leigh Stansfield's adventures hold the attention throughout because we realise at once the extreme cruelty of which the Convention was capable and the certain fate of anyone caught taking sides against it. In "A Roving Commission" Mr. Henty sheds some light on the consequent mischief of the Revolution outside France. The Island of Hayti, if we are not mistaken, has been neglected by romance writers. Mr. Henty turns its revolt against France to excellent account; the horrors of the French Revolution he shows pale before the horrors of the Haytian imitation. Nat Glover of the British Navy distinguishes himself in defending two ladies in particular from the fury of the negro insurrectionists. The glimpses we get of Toussaint l'Ouverture, one of the few negroes who have ever shown themselves capable of governing wisely, are very interesting. Toussaint was treacherously seized and carried to France, where he is said to have been starved to death in prison. The intolerance which marked the French Revolution was on a par with the spirit which afflicted the ruling classes at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Miss Eliza Pollard makes the sorrows and adventures of a Huguenot family who sought the protection of England at that time the subject of her story "The King's Signet." Apparently the book is primarily intended for girls. It will probably be read with as much interest by boys. France appears in a more admirable light in "Won by the Sword." This is not the first tale of the Thirty Years' War from Mr. Henty's pen. He resumes the story at the point where France took up the rôle hitherto filled by Sweden. The exploits of Turenne and Condé afford just the situations through which Mr. Henty loves to bring his heroes triumphant. Hector Campbell is a Turenne of the playground, becomes a member of Turenne's staff and is in some respects more than a mild counterpart of his patron. The degree of service rendered to mankind by the French Revolution is a question which men will answer according to their sympathies; the service rendered to Europe by France in defeating the possibility of an Austro-Spanish domination was unequivocal.

Four of the chief conflicts in which England has been engaged during the century are treated in the section of Christmas books we are now considering—Waterloo, the Indian Mutiny, the second Afghan campaign and the Zulu war. Mr. Caine's "In the Year of Waterloo" re-introduces us to old friends whom however we had not forgotten in the rush of new Christmas acquaintances. The interest and excitement of the time between the escape of Napoleon and his final overthrow are well sustained: Mr. Caine's heroes win the esteem of Wellington and consequently see rather more of Waterloo than do the majority of their comrades. The re-issue of Mr. Henty's thrilling story of the rescue of India in '57 will be sure of a wide welcome. Mr. Henty is hard—and justly hard—on the negroes of Hayti: they did not prove themselves more barbarous than the mutineers in India. Mr. C. R. Fenn's story covering the same period is much less forcible and realistic, though the hero is a good sort of lad; there is plenty of adventure and the illustrations afford an excellent idea of Indian scenes: they would indeed suit a guide-book at least as well. Mr. William Johnston's "Tom Graham, V.C." is something more than a story of the Afghan war. Our nerves like those of the hero are tried in the playground, in the coal mine, and in the smugglers' cave, as well as on the battlefield. Between Mr. Johnston's book and Captain F. S. Brereton's "With Shield and Assegai" there is a resemblance in places from which neither suffers. Both open at school and matters turn on a fight in which the light weight wins. That is the dear old Tom Brown over again. Of the course of events in Afghanistan and Zululand from the commencement to the close of hostilities we get an equally vivid impression. For sheer daring on the part of the foe there was little to choose between Afghan and Zulu: the horrors of Isandhlwana were matched by the rout at Maiwand, and both had to be, and were, wiped out on historic fields. Tom Graham won his V.C. and Captain Brereton ought surely to have recommended Donald Stewart for the same coveted distinction. Perhaps he abstained on the ground that if he did so at least 75 per cent. of our Christmas-created heroes would be entitled to the honour.

When Milton said that "it is of the greatest concernment to have an eye how books demean themselves as well as men," he was thinking of the wrong ideas which malice or

narrow-mindedness implants with double force when it seeks the cover of print. If for grown men and women this is true, what shall be said of it when applied to the young? Mr. Henty, though he has been charged with the generation of juvenile jingoism by those who cannot differentiate between jingoism and patriotism, has never been a party to the propagation of international prejudice. When history, with "its voice forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong," has declared its verdict, there may be some excuse for one-sided views. Thus Mr. Herbert Hayens in making the struggle of Chili to be free the basis of his vigorous narrative "A Captain of Irregulars" is merely endorsing the findings of history when he shows the wrongs suffered by the Chilenos at the hands of Spain. Very different is the spirit which moves Dr. Gordon Stables in "Remember the Maine." Spanish misdeeds were as patent in Cuba as in Chili, but when Dr. Stables informs his boy readers that the destruction of the "Maine" was the work of Spain, he exceeds the limits of ascertained truth, he surrenders to bias and he proclaims Spain to be not merely misguided but mad. "Remember the Maine" is far from being a story in Dr. Stables' best vein. "I like a boy," says he, "with the spice of the monkey in him, but he must have a brave kind heart to back it up." With such a prepossession it is surprising that so practised a hand does not give us a better narrative. It is more than surprising that he should permit himself to blunder into the statement that "Porto Rico is an island lying to the east of the British possession of San Domingo." A nice teacher for the young, this. More pleasing is Mr. Kirke Munroe's "Forward, March!" Written by an American for Americans it is less unfair to things Spanish and conveys a most realistic idea of the progress of the campaign in Cuba. The hero does some remarkable work in the capacity of a spy, but his success does not blind him to the unworthiness of the rôle he is called on to fill in the interests of his country. If romance must deal with events up-to-date, "Forward, March!" is not a bad example of the spirit in which it should be conceived.

#### YARNS OF SCHOOL AND SEA.

- "The Boys of the Priory School." (2s. 6d.) By Florence Combe. "Wynport College." (5s.) By Frederick Harrison. "Kidnapped by Cannibals." (3s. 6d.) By Gordon Stables. "All Hands on Deck." (3s. 6d.) By W. C. Metcalfe. London: Blackie. 1900.
- "The Boys of Dormitory Three." By H. Barron North. London: Routledge. 1899. 3s. 6d.
- "The Fellow who Won." (3s. 6d.) By Andrew Home. "Mobsley's Mohicans." (3s. 6d.) By Harold Avory. London: Nelson. 1900.
- "Yule-Tide Logs." Edited by G. A. Henty. London: Longmans. 1899. 6s.
- "A Spiced Yarn." By George Cupples. London: Gibbings. 1899.
- "Ned Leger." By G. Manville Fenn. London: S.P.C.K. 1899. 5s.
- "Loyal." By Arthur Collard. London: Partridge. 1899. 2s. 6d.
- "The Castaways." (5s.) By Harry Collingwood. "Shipmates." (5s.) By Hugh St. Leger. London: Griffith, Farran. 1899.

It is curious to note in the school stories of to-day that the private rather than the public school is still chosen as the scene in which the plot is laid; yet the most successful school story, one might certainly say the only one which has become a classic, deals exclusively with public school life. Generations of writers seem to have evolved certain types of school characters who like many of the conventional characters on the stage are not unamusing, but are still the veriest caricatures of the persons they are intended to portray. There is the headmaster whose language is always extra-prim, generally a pedant of the purest water, rarely respected and never revered. Again there is the incompetent assistant, of which type the favourite variant is the French master, a sort of lay figure at which the author discharges his juvenile jokes, a scholastic Falstaff who is meant to be the cause of much merriment in others. Of boys there only seem to be three types, the hero who can do anything, the bully who is also a coward and a thief, and the milksop, generally endowed with all the virtues and a pious mother. The milksop is for preference generally an orphan, but this is not a sine qua non. Perhaps it is excessive to demand too much character-drawing in boys' books that are meant for boys. Certainly the morbid and mawkish stuff one finds in stories of the Eric type is best away, but the boys in the ordinary school story apart from their chaff and chatter which is usually not badly done, are either conventional or the merest sketches in outline. There seems to us a great opening for a school story that should interest alike boys and "grown-ups," in which the author should attempt to depict the world of school as it is. No doubt the task is a difficult one. The world of school is sorely circumscribed, the incidents are strictly limited, and the love-making that helps to shore up the crazy structure of half the novels now written is more or less dispensed with.

The very difficulty of the task is likely to render the success of a really meritorious school story all the more striking. "The Boys of the Priory School" is a book not without blemishes, but the study of the milksop who turns out a hero in the end is certainly one of the best delineations of character in the Christmas books. Though not wanting in pathetic episodes, there is nothing either goodie goodie or namby pamby about it. No writer of the masculine gender would have turned on the captain of Langsett College which contained fellows of sixteen and seventeen, to fight the hero Ray who is only fourteen. We learn that in the fight Ray's eyes were closed, we will not insult him by supposing the act was voluntary, though it is difficult to understand how next day Ray was none the worse "except for a few bruises and a bump on the side of his head." Such a rapid disappearance of two lovely black eyes must constitute a record. The merits of the story, however, far outweigh its defects. "The Boys of Dormitory Three" is chiefly concerned with the adventures of a sextet of cheeky young rascals with a heathen Chinese and an old salt thrown in to eke out the comic element. The story, though not exactly striking, has plenty of spirit and is put together in a workmanlike fashion. Pickering and Plunkett the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of the school, are not unamusing, and the mystery of the Chinese idol helps to maintain the interest to the end. The only episode that tries our faith is that of the mischievous jackass; it outrages every canon of probability.

"Wynport College" describes the metamorphosis of a spoilt child into a public school boy and the sayings and doings of the "motley crew" who formed his chums. Davie Jackson the small boy strikes us as a sort of degenerate little Arthur. Falsely accused of theft he is expelled from the school. The plot from this point is well worked out. In the end Barnden the boy villain who has added picking and stealing to his other undesirable accomplishments is found out, confesses and is forgiven, and the story concludes with a general amnesty. "The Fellow who Won" relates the history of two boys. One who is open-hearted generous and unsuspicious is gradually supplanted in the headmaster's favour and driven from the school by the intrigues of the other who schemes to take his place as the headmaster's heir. The hero runs away from school, but returns in time to rescue his enemy from danger, who later on in life gives up his own chance of being saved from shipwreck to repay the debt. The book has plenty of fun and "go" in it, and is written in a healthy tone. Mr. Avory's youngsters are real boys reckless in fun but with real grit and character. Incited by Mr. Fenimore Cooper's well-known story they succeed in a wonderful deed of derring-do and find rewards at the hands of their old-time enemy an elderly naturalist who at first disliked boys and hated the very idea of a school in the vicinity of his house. The book is instinct with humour and a pathos that gains by its natural reserve.

"Kidnapped by Cannibals" is a strange mixture of realism and improbability. The early part of the book deals with the boyhood of the hero Willie and his two understudies Harry and Rob, and reads in parts like a fragment of the author's own autobiography. The improbabilities begin with the captain of a herring coble who quotes Milton, and the scene shifts to the South Sea Islands to which Willie and Bob (alias Rob) sail in an outlandish-named barque called the "Ornithorhynchus." Here they get on to De Rougefont's happy hunting ground, pearls are found and a mutiny breaks out. Willie and Rob are not killed by the mutineers, but sent adrift in a boat. They succeed in making the land, only to fall into the hands of a sort of king of cannibal islands whom, time permitting, they might have possibly converted to Christianity. As it is they do nothing worse than poison his favourite python. Meanwhile a tame swallow, a veritable "rara avis," which Willie takes about with him returns to Scotland and proves thereby to his parents that their son is yet alive. An expedition is fitted out, which recovers by the way the derelict "Ornithorhynchus," polishes off the surviving mutineers with far less compunction than the two boys poisoned the python, and finds a gold mine in "Tierra Del." Meanwhile Willie and Rob have been going through a chapter of accidents which though they lack the vraisemblance of De Rougefont, are nevertheless calculated to fire the imagination of the dulltest boy alive. Of course in the nick of time the castaways are rescued and the story most properly has a happy ending. It seems to us the author nods towards the end. On page 262, Willie's father, despite his "paralysing terror" appears to drop off to sleep at once, whereas on page 273 we are told, "he felt no fear," but lay awake all the weary hours of the middle watch. The author has also a very trying trick of broaching subjects he never intends to finish. We know nothing more annoying than false scents which lead nowhere and only distract the reader's attention.

Mr. Metcalfe follows the good old rule of plunging us at once in medias res. He introduces us to the hero and heroine as castaways in an open boat, whence he tranships them on to the usual mutineer vessel, of which the hero is perforce obliged to accept the command. Adventures then come thick and fast.



The crew are attacked by cannibals and pirates, among whom, strange to say, they find the captain and mate whom the mutineers had marooned. These again resume command, but, still strange to say, do not make the slightest attempt to punish the mutineers. The hero occupies his spare moments in saving the life of his bitterest enemies; a large part of his remaining time he devotes to love-making below. There is bloodshed galore, and the death-rate on board is very high; in the end the captain goes mad, the mate commits suicide, and the hero and heroine commit matrimony. The ready-made review the publishers have so kindly inserted, informs us that all sorts of moral lessons may be drawn from the book. This is very good of the publishers, but we doubt if the mere boy, as Barry Pain calls him, will be pleased to learn that the story has been "salted" for his spiritual edification.

In the sea stories of the year there seems to be a distinct fashion in favour of yarns about the merchant service. Of books before us only one is wholly devoted to the Navy. "Yule-Tide Logs" is a collection of adventures whose scenes are pitched in every quarter of the globe, but mainly on India's coral strand. The pick of the basket are "Hari Ram the Dacoit," "In Luck's Way" and "Longitude Ten Degrees." These stories alone should make the book worth buying. Of the various strands from the life cable of Bill Bullen that go to make up a "Spliced Yarn," "Convoing H.M. Brutus" is most interesting as explaining the possible source from which Rodney drew his famous idea of breaking the line. The descriptions of manoeuvres are not always easy to follow, and the ordinary long-shore reader whose nautical vocabulary does not extend much beyond "Yo! heave a-ho" may well be dazzled and puzzled by the wealth of nautical terms in which the author revels. We fancy that most readers will have had enough before reaching the end of the otherwise striking sketch of "At Sea in Winter." "Ned Leger" retails the adventures of a trio of middies on the Spanish Main. The first part consists of rather threadbare experiences, but once the hero gets into Carthage, the interest never flags. We get rather bored however with the perpetual wrangling and jangling of the three middies, and some of their retorts are repeated ad nauseam, for instance that on "puppy" turns up no less than four times in the book. "Loyal" is the somewhat prosaic description of a mate's misfortunes, who allows himself to be unjustly condemned in place of his captain for negligence in a collision. His next step is to fall in love with a girl, whom, however, he does not espouse till the last chapter. The story is further ballasted with much religious reflection, which does not make it lighter reading. Out of the frying-pan into the fire seems to be the proper recipe for compounding a story of adventure. Once you have got your hero into difficulties, never let him out till the last page is reached. Mr. Collingwood admirably carries out this principle in his "Castaways." He has scarcely got his hero afloat and on speaking terms with a singularly imperious heroine than he plunges him into a thrilling rescue of a shipwrecked crew which is one of the best things in the book. After this misfortunes come apace. It would be unfair to describe all the exciting adventures through which the hero and heroine pass. Let it suffice to say that the hero—after performing exploits worthy of the V.C., the R.H.S. medal and half a hundred other minor decorations—is rewarded with the hand of the singularly imperious heroine, not to mention a share in treasure trove, worth at least half a king's ransom. Marine heroes seem to run in trios. "Shipmates" describes the voyage of three apprentices to New Zealand on an emigrant ship and their adventures there. Without being so brimful of exciting episodes as "Castaways," the story is a capital one.

#### ADVENTURERS ALL.

- "Ready-Made Romance." By Ascott R. Hope. London: Black. 1899. 5s.  
 "Peril and Prowess." By G. A. Henty, G. M. Fenn, A. Conan Doyle, W. W. Jacobs and Others. London and Edinburgh: Chambers. 1899. 5s.  
 "Mirango the Man-Eater." By C. Dudley Lampen. London: S.P.C.K.  
 "In the Mahdi's Grasp" (5s.) By G. Manville Fenn.  
 "Sappers and Miners" (5s.) By G. Manville Fenn.  
 "White Ivory and Black, and other Stories." By T. Bevan, E. H. Burridge, and J. A. Higginson. London: Partridge. 3s. 6d.  
 "King Radama's Word" (3s. 6d.). By Robert Thynne. "The Dacoit's Mine" (3s. 6d.). By C. R. Kenyon. London: John Hogg. 1899.  
 "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander" (6s.). By Frank Stockton. "The Master of the Strong Hearts" (2s. 6d.). By E. S. Brooks. "Two Boys in Wyoming" (2s. 6d.). By E. S. Ellis. London: Cassell. 1899.  
 "King o' the Beach." By G. Manville Fenn. Illustrated. London: Nister. 3s. 6d.  
 "The Twin Castaways" (2s. 6d.). By E. H. Burridge.  
 "Phil and I" (2s. 6d.). By Paul Blake. "Havelok Dane" (3s. 6d.). By C. W. Whistler. London: Nelson. 1900.

"Beyond the Great South Wall." By Frank Savile. London: Sampson Low. 1899.

"The Young Master of Hyson Hall." By Frank R. Stockton. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899. 3s. 6d.

"The Bishop's Shadow." By J. T. Thurston. London: Nisbet. 1899. 3s. 6d.

South Africa has apparently been left severely alone in the Christmas books concerned with general adventure; but nearly every other part of the world at divers periods is made to yield a wealth of incident. In some cases, as in those of Mr. Hope and Mr. Thynne, the desire to convey instruction has overbalanced the readiness to amuse. Mr. Hope, who has a fine scorn for what he calls "idle fiction," and an overkeen ambition to bring that "critical personage the general reader" to heel, is really too stiff-necked for most boys and too fond of delay in "getting to his losses" to arrest the undivided attention of any save the most devoted of his admirers. Moreover till we get to the end of his "ready-made" romances we are rather tired of the succession of young heroes who are not British. The final chapter concerns a memory of Lucknow and makes amends for all shortcomings. It is with something akin to surprise that one finds Mr. Hope using so colloquial a word as "chucked" and so obsolete an adjective as "sorning." Of Mr. Fenn's three books one, an exciting description of life in the Sudan, tells of a brother's heroism and winds up effectively at Omdurman. Another takes the reader to the South Seas and presents us to a boy hero who circumvents the dastardly designs of a savage old beachcomber and wins the favour of the latter's black "subjects." The scene of the third is no further afield than Cornwall, and the book is mainly concerned with a thrilling adventure of two boys and a dog in an old tin mine. Mr. Fenn strikes the note that is most appreciated by manly boys; his humour is decidedly infectious and his dialogue as a rule excellent. Perhaps the dialogue is at its worst in the first volume, "In the Mahdi's Grasp."

Among the books in which treasure-seeking supplies the leading motif, "The Dacoit's Mine" occupies a chief place. A young civilian, as the result of native gratitude, comes into possession of a guide to a spot in Burma where rubies may be gathered for the labour. With a young officer he sets out in quest of the place and after circumventing treachery, wild beasts and almost unheard of dangers the two comrades come off not exactly millionaires but with enough of fortune's favours to reward them for their enterprise. Treasure is the motif of many of the exciting stories in "Peril and Prowess," to which such well-known writers as Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Henty and Mr. G. M. Fenn contribute. Mr. Savile, who chooses the terrors of Yucatan as his chief source of strength, mars his effects in "Beyond the Great South Wall" by prolixity and slang. His combination of a love interest with a treasure-quest in the country of the Maya Indians is not very happy nor very entertaining to the average boy. His reference to Raleigh as "a man with the heart of a lion and the brains of a four-year-old child" is merely silly. Mr. Dudley Lampen's narrative of Central African exploits is fearfully and wonderfully bound in black and red and wretchedly printed. Possibly Mr. Lampen is a humourist and means us to take his fearsomeness as simply an exercise in the use of the grotesque. Looked at in this way such a passage as the following read in connexion with the context may provoke harmless amusement: "On all sides we saw the flash and glitter of spear-points as well as the menacing looks of relentless savages, whose shark-like teeth glittered in the firelight as though warning us that they would not be unwilling to tear the flesh from our bones." Mr. Lampen has a penchant for the idea of "shark-like teeth," but his man-eaters are the merest puppets. In this book the end is marriage viewed as sufficient compensation for want of success in the original quest of riches.

In "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander" Mr. Frank R. Stockton gives his imagination full rein. Fine humour plays a theme to describe which the word extravagant seems almost nerveless and inane. But from first word to last there is not a dull page. In the first four lines there is a shipwreck, the rest is a sort of epitome of the world's history. The gentleman with the curious name is introduced to us as the possible and probable originator of the legend of the Wandering Jew. Indirectly he saves the life of the narrator to whom he afterwards unfolds his life-history. This begins in the days of Abraham, and of a great contemporary potentate named Alexander who wore his hair over his forehead horn-wise in shape as a symbol of his authority. Alexander in a search for a little spring of immortality giving properties was unwise enough to take his vizier Kroudrh with him. Kroudrh, then aged fifty-three, drank the waters of the spring by mistake. When Alexander is finally convinced of his vizier's condition Kroudrh has to flee from a diabolical punishment and is henceforward a wanderer with the doom of immortality at the never-varying age of fifty-three. He talks of Moses and Joshua, of Nebuchadnezzar and Solomon, of the Queen of Sheba, the Crusades, of Galen and Charles Lamb. The record of his marriages may be cited as a special example of Mr. Stockton's humour. At the moment when he recites his story Kroudrh is the husband of a Quaker lady in New York who fully believes in his identity with the ancient vizier. As might be anticipated

the end of the tale is an abrupt one and the later adventures of the grave wanderer are left to our imagination—unless Mr. Stockton chooses to recur to them in a future volume. "The Young Master of Hyson Hall" is a comparatively homely but nevertheless interesting story of mystery and adventure in early New England in which a French youth of undesirable propensities supplies a foil to the manlier character and sweet disposition of his companions in Pennsylvania. "White Ivory and Black" a story of the Zambesi is remarkable for its chapter headings, among them, for example, being "Boats that Pass in the Night," a wicked parody, surely. The companion stories help to make up a moderately entertaining book.

As already hinted we cannot unreservedly commend Mr. Thynne's Malagasy venture. It seeks to recruit opinion; but scarcely does this in a likely way. However an industrious Arthur may glean much useful information from its pages. The young heroes of Mr. Burrage's tale are the kidnapped sons of a much-injured Anglo-Indian officer who suffers at the hands of his unscrupulous younger brother. They are shipwrecked, adopted by an old shrimper and his sister, and their adventures round the world in the hands of their wicked uncle's agent are varied and agreeably chronicled. Of course reparation and restitution come in due time, the villain leaving the field to the virtuous. Apropos of castaways Mr. Whistler's romance based on the time-honoured legend of Grim the fisher and his foster-son the Danish King's offspring is one of the best things of the kind we have seen for a considerable time. Mr. Whistler knows how to instruct and stimulate interest in history without being tedious or prolix. Of the two stories in our list in which the Sioux Indians figure "The Master of the Strong Hearts" is far and away the most noteworthy. It tells of General Custer's famous stand in Montana in 1876. Mr. Ellis' book is a rather threadbare story. Neither book gains by its printing. "Phil and I" concerns the happy friendship of chums—a French and an English lad—who lived in the stirring times of Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon, and were suspected of being French spies. Their adventures are located in an old-world seaport in the South of England. The "Bishop's Shadow" tells of the rise of a Boston waif from the slum life into which he had fallen. The story, though strongly evangelical in tone, is full of natural unaffected pathos. It has the further advantage of being evidently written by someone well acquainted with the inside of rescue work. If one may hazard a surmise, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, to whose memory the book is dedicated, may well have sat for the portrait of the Bishop. By those who prefer stories with a religious seasoning, it should be considered one of the best Christmas books of 1899.

#### BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

- "Priscilla" (3s. 6d.). By Evelyn Everett-Green. "The Heir of Hascombe Hall" (5s.). By the same. "Trefoil" (3s. 6d.). By Margaret Macdonald. London: Nelson.  
 "The Grim House." By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Nisbet. 5s.  
 "Cross Purposes." By Emma Marshall. London: Griffith, Farran. 1900. 5s.  
 "The Four Miss Whittingtons" (5s.). By Geraldine Mockler.  
 "A Daughter of France" (5s.). By Eliza Pollard. "A Queen among Girls" (3s. 6d.). By Ellinor Davenport Adams. "The Girl Captives" (2s. 6d.). By Bessie Marchant. London: Blackie.  
 "The Prince's Story Book." Edited by G. Laurence Gomme. London: Constable. 1899. 6s. And various others.

The line of demarcation between girls' books and novels is not always easy to maintain. A few of the volumes now before us are all but novels, with the tender passion watered down to all tenderness and no passion—which, indeed, is as it should be. Some are historical romances, with a good deal of swash-buckling of the milder sort and many strictly historical oaths. The rest are miscellaneous, including a school story or two which hang determinately round the examination paper of fiction, lost, stolen or nefariously copied. Of the all but novel class, "Priscilla," by E. Everett-Green and H. Louise Bedford, is a good specimen. Priscilla is a very pretty girl and her sister Ruth a very unselfish one. Priscilla is rather a dashing little person too; she comes round corners on her bicycle "at the rate of eight miles an hour" (just twice the speed of a quick girl-walker!) and gets herself thrown off and picked up by her future bridegroom; thereby showing that she knew the rules of the game according to the "fiction for girls" code. The story has a good deal in it. It is pleasant and wholesome and prettily illustrated. "The Grim House" only just squeezes itself into the all but novel category. There is a general and felicitous pairing on the last page: but as the title suggests, mystery rather than romance is the leading interest. Mrs. Molesworth is always readable. "Trefoil" by Margaret Macdonald begins with three school-girls, one of whom says "Girls, can you believe that by this time to-morrow we shall be grown up?" They grow up, accordingly, the next day, and go out into the world, after swearing a solemn pact of friendship. The three are to be as

inseparable as the leaves of the trefoil, and are to meet one another on "this day five years hence." A natural and pretty little book, with an encouraging belief in girls' loyalty which ought to do girls good. "A Goodly Heritage" by R. M. Eady (Nelson, 2s. 6d.) begins with one Harold Vivian gazing upon the "goodly heritage." "It ought to be mine—my own!" he cried bitterly. . . . Then he works to that end. Strikes ensue, appreciative managers, still more appreciative maidens—and finally "I think I have always loved you" she answered simply. "Fortune's Wheel," by Eliza Pollard (Partridge), is another story with a mild love-interest. This time, the young couple are separated by an aspersion on the man's character. He is supposed to have stolen a rare coin. However, he didn't. And on the last page, "the bells of the little church of Eversley rang out a merry peal." "A Lady of High Degree," by Jennie Chappell (Partridge, 3s. 6d.), has something of a time-honoured plot, with one variation—the babies are not changed at birth, but one twin is suppressed and brought up by humble folk. The author thinks that "orbit" is a synonym for "eye." "The large, deep orbits beneath their straight brows," &c.

Now for the historical stories for girls. An imposing one to begin with is "A Daughter of France," by Eliza Pollard; it has one of Mr. Nelson's gayest red covers. There are pictures with animated legends below them, such as "The Indian raised his tomakawk"—"He knew it was all up now," and so on. The tale is of Acadia in the days of Richelieu. "The Heir of Hascombe Hall" is another of Miss Everett-Green's many Christmas books, which however all have good average stuff in them. Does Miss Everett-Green work all night or write eight books at once? This one is a tale of "the days of the early Tudors," and an excellent story too. "The Prince's Story Book" is a collection of historical stories from English romantic literature in illustration of the reigns of English monarchs from the Conquest to Victoria, and is edited, with an introduction, by G. Laurence Gomme. It has some Scott, a little Thackeray, some G. P. R. James, &c. We have only one objection to make to it, and we made that objection last Christmas to its twin, "The Queen's Story Book." It is only that its title and appearance might take it into the nursery, whereas it is decidedly strong meat even for the schoolroom. It is a handsome book and the extracts are well chosen as to interest. "A Loyal Little Maid" by Sarah Tytler (Blackie, 2s. 6d.) is about Mar's rebellion and a plucky small maid who holds her tongue when king's officers become too pressing. "Cross Purposes" (Griffith, Farran) is more ambitious and has a pathetic special interest about it. Miss Beatrice Marshall's preface is perhaps not too long to quote. "At the beginning of this year, my mother entered into an agreement to write a serial for 'The Church Family Newspaper,' contrary to her wont in weekly instalments. The story had reached Chapter X. when my mother was seized with the attack of influenza and pneumonia under which she finally sank. The three following chapters were therefore written by me, and I should have continued to the end had not illness and the sorrow of my mother's death prevented my doing so. At this point, Miss Evelyn Everett-Green nobly consented to step into the breach, and, with great promptitude and skill, took up the thread of 'Cross Purposes,' and thus saved the story from the fate of remaining a fragment." If a personal note is ever allowable in a preface, it is so here. Mrs. Marshall will be more than missed as the years go on, and at Christmas time above all. The patchwork of her last book is most cleverly done. Nobody can see the joins without a microscope; and the vigour of the first ten chapters shows how prematurely the pen has dropped from the busy hand. This interesting tale is the last of our semi-historical stories.

Of the miscellaneous books at the end of the pile, "The Girl Captives," by Bessie Marchant (Blackie, 2s. 6d.) is the best and freshest. It tells of the invasion of an Indian town by hill tribes and the carrying-off of some plucky English girls. It is very good fun, and quite thrilling. Juliet is a first-rate heroine for the school-room—a pretty girl with the best kind of courage and spirit. The snobbish woman, Mrs. Boyd, and the lesson she gets, are well done. Altogether, a capital little book. "Grandfather's Secret," by Catherine Mallandaine, and "An Angel Unawares" by C. Weigall are both published at 2s. 6d. by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and have nothing particular to be said about them except that they mean excellently and do fairly well. "A Queen among Girls" by Ellinor Davenport Adams (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) is a nice little story of a rather arrogant young woman, much improved by a little adversity. "The Four Miss Whittingtons" by Geraldine Mockler tells with great spirit how four young women start forth to conquer London and end by earning a creditable livelihood. The moral is rather spoilt by the intervention of various benevolent wealthy people from the machine. "Blind Loyalty," by E. L. Haverfield (Nelson), is one of the most readable both for girls and children. A precocious ten-year-old of our acquaintance is excitedly absorbed in it at this moment. The note-book that was cribbed just before the examination does not interest her very deeply. "There's always that, or papers, or something," she says "but how *did* they make that skeleton?"



## NONSENSE FOR THE NURSERY.

- "Stories from Old Fashioned Children's Books." By Andrew W. Tuer. Leadenhall Press. 1899. 6s.  
 "The Talking Thrush." By W. Crooke and W. H. Rouse. London: Dent. 1899. 3s. 6d.  
 "Wyemarke and the Sea Fairies." By Edward A. Cooper. London: Duckworth. 1899. 5s.  
 "The Little Browns." By Mabel E. Wotton. London: Blackie. 1899. 6s.  
 "An Alphabet of Musical Boogies." By Arthur Layard. Lawrence and Bullen. 1899. 2s.  
 "A Child's Primer of Natural History." By Oliver Herford. London: Lane. 1899. 4s. 6d.  
 "This and That." By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Macmillan. 1899. 4s. 6d.  
 And forty others.

One cannot help wondering whether the writers of Christmas books really write as they pretend for the amusement of children and with a sincere desire to please, or whether it is for their own private gratification that they produce bewildering nonsense rhymes, depressing ornithological studies, frightful grotesques and other subtleties as Christmas presents. It is only at a time of year when men are full of charitable leniency and tolerant good will, that certain dismal humorists, puerile verse-makers, clumsy story-tellers and feeble illustrators could escape condemnation and even find a market for the various incompetencies with which some child's heart may be saddened at this season. For children are as a matter of fact excellent judges especially of fairy tales, in which branch of literature many quite clever people make lamentable failures. Of course much that is bright and entertaining appears, but too often the realism is dull and unconvincing, the tone bantering and condescending and the humour suspiciously like mockery of the most sacred beliefs of trusting infancy.

Books for the little ones may be divided into four classes—(1) Improving and instructive; (2) Fairy and other stories; (3) Animal books; and (4) Grotesque and nonsense rhymes. At the beginning of the century and until the seventies children's books could all be classified under the first heading; they had a distinctly moral tendency if we may judge by "Old Fashioned Children's Books"—a compendium of delightful stories (1788-1830) brought together by Andrew W. Tuer and illustrated with admirably quaint woodcuts. It makes the most delicious reading now that no one is expected to be improved by it, but, at the time, we imagine that parents and children took "Stodious Arthur" and "Manly Edward" "Generous Susan" and "Lying Lucy" perfectly gravely. It is possible that there was no guilty consciousness of deception in the parents who gave "The Pleasing Instructor" "Picturesque Piety" and "Self-inflicted Correction," and that the children dutifully read "The Elegant Girl" and "The Little Grammarian"—not because they were very different from the children of to-day, but because they observed the reigning convention of a gentle decorous hypocrisy which allowed its heroes and heroines nothing but the finest sentiments and virtues and the speedy rewards due to propriety of behaviour while such vice as was allowed to appear was duly punished. And these strong contrasts cannot fail to have influenced many an infant's character, which is merely bewildered by subtle distinctions and realistic half-shades. No quotation can do justice to Mr. Tuer's fascinating work. Who would not rejoice with Sally Spellwell when her humble modest endeavour is unexpectedly rewarded by being adopted at first sight by a rich old lady, while "strange Emotions arose in the Breast of the young Gentleman" a nephew who accompanies her? Then there is the decorous Lucinda who being taken for a treat to the opera perceives that the singers and dancers "overstep the modesty of nature" and recites with emphasis on her return to the country a panegyric on

"Domestic life in rural leisure passed  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page."

Some interesting light is thrown on the manners of the day in the directions for deportment. "Turn with an easy air towards the person you are about to compliment" and for table manners "you see your dinner" being recommended as a prefatory speech to the hostess. Under the heading of instruction may be placed "Stories from Froissart" (Wells, Gardner, Darton) taken from Lord Berners' sixteenth-century translation—illustrated in a spirited manner by Gordon Browne. It is just the sort of book that every intelligent little boy *ought* to like and singularly suitable from the point of view of the giver who has not to read it himself. The first sentence of "A History of Nursery Rhymes" by Percy B. Green (Greening) has no predicate whatever, and the whole book leaves us as wise as we were before we read it, on a subject which is worthy of better treatment.

"Fairy-Folk from Far and Near" is a very artistic production—almost too artistic. It took us quite a long time to discover that the author's name is Annie Chyatt Woolf, and we are not absolutely certain about it now. It is a good idea to collect the fairy tales from many lands. It gives variety to the pictures (which are charming, by the way, but more so to

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"grown-ups," perhaps, than to small folk) and makes a change from the inevitable "stepmother stories," as the critics of the nursery call conventional English fairy tales. "Elves" form the subject of Mrs. Rivett Carnac's dull little stories suggested by the drawings of Miss Wallace Dunlop which are pretty and cherubic. "The Talking Thrush" is a delightful collection of Indian tales discovered by W. Crooke and retold in a very charming and humorous manner by W. H. Rouse. They are beast stories (in which the jackal is always a most interesting villain as well as low comedian) with no particular moral, they are cheerfully inconsequent but always entertaining and full of shrewd devices and pleasing oriental philosophy. The illustrations by W. H. Robinson are unusually good. "The Scarlet Herring" and other stories by Judge Parry (Smith, Elder. 6s.) are all interesting though too condescending in tone. There are pretty and whimsical fancies in them and touches of humour.

In "The Crock of Gold" the Rev. S. Baring Gould (Methuen) gives us twelve fairy tales founded on ancient ballads and romances and consequently of more vivid interest than the usual tame productions of modern invention. The illustrations are above the average. "The Princess of Hearts" by Sheila G. Braine (Blackie) encloses a little summary and notice kindly designed to save the reviewer trouble. It is quite pretty and graceful, and the illustrations by Miss Alice Woodward are all that the publisher declares them to be. "Wyemarle and the Sea Fairies" by Edward A. Cooper is a fair specimen of the modern fairy tale and is embellished with drawings by Dudley Hardy, some of which are childishly feeble, others more worthy of his reputation. The Rock Fairy is a wonderful Rodinlike piece of work. "Father Tuck's Annual" (Raphael Tuck) is singularly old-fashioned in appearance but is varied and bright in its contents. "Mother Goose" by Frank Baum (Duckworth. 5s.) is a large handsome book with remarkable illustrations by Maxfield Parrish. "The Other Side of the Sun" by Evelyn Sharp, illustrated by Nellie Syrett (Lane. 6s.). Miss Sharp has a delightful manner and real humour combined with a pretty inventive faculty. Miss Nellie Syrett's work has greatly improved, and some of her pictures are delightful.

"The Square Book of Animals" by William Nicholson, rhymes by Arthur Waugh (Heinemann), contains really horrible little verses grating, uncouth and obscure—"The Toilsome Goat" is especially cumbersome—

"You're a lively kid" is the schoolboy jest :  
 "But the kid is driven to work one day  
 "And the hours of harness know little rest  
 "For the stiff goat-carriage round the bay."

A disconcerting book this for a child, so different from the "Belgian Hare's" delightful "Tails with a Twist." The drawings are stolid and very square, almost too square, but interesting like all the artist's work. "A Book of Birds" by Carton Moore Park (Blackie. 5s.) is a handsome well-bound well-printed book. The pictures are evidently the work of an impressionist ornithologist and presumably correct to a feather. There is a dismal humour in the short descriptions. The accounts and drawings of the condor and the vulture are calculated to tinge childish dreams with terror. "Pussy and Doggy Tales" by E. Nesbit illustrated by E. Kemp Welch (Dent. 2s. 6d.) is a pleasing gift-book for the very young. "Pictures from Birdland" by M. and E. Detmold (Dent. 5s.) are gay and accurate and full of interesting information. A really excellent book for bird-lovers. "Beasts: Thumb-nail Studies in Pets" by Wardlaw Kennedy (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.) is a delightful book of observation and humour, but the earlier chapters are too full of gruesome and unpleasant details concerning the food of frogs, &c.

"An Alphabet of Musical Bogeys" by Arthur Layard (Lawrence and Bullen) is quite brilliantly grotesque and whimsically original. The winners in the Musical Bogy Competition will receive grand pianos (Erard) and other prizes. The particulars of this competition are to be found in the "Alphabet." "The Seven Young Goslings" is an amiable cheerful poem by Lawrence Housman, illustrated by Mabel Dearmer (Blackie). The verses have a pleasing lilt and the pictures are gay and dramatic. "Jack of All Trades" by J. J. Bell with pictures by Chas. Robinson (Lane. 3s. 6d.) would appeal more to grown-up people than to children who would declare the pictures to be out of drawing. They are extremely funny and even clever in their peculiar way. They vaguely suggest Caran d'Ache. One can also laugh at the verses. "Nonsense Numbers and Jocular Jingles for Funny Little Folk" by Druid Grayl, illustrated by Walter Morgan (Greening. 3s. 6d.) is a bewildering though amusing topsyturvy book, the verses are ingenious and entertaining but rather beyond "funny little folk." "A Child's Primer of Natural History" by Oliver Herford (Lane. 4s. 6d.) contains quite brilliant drawings and verses and is one of the best books of the year. "Really and Truly" by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ames (London: Arnold. 3s. 6d.) is another volume which will amuse adults more than children. The simple verse describing events of the century is illustrated by undeniably clever absurdities, but they are a skit on characteristics of various periods which has

point in proportion as the reader is well-informed. "Jaw-Cracking Jingles" by T. E. Donnison (London: Duckworth. 5s.) is exactly described by its title. Patient nurses and parents may be pardoned if they surrender after a due attempt to read these jingles aloud for the benefit of their charges. "Pigs in the Pigskin" by G. M. Matheson (London: Sands. 2s. 6d.) details the doings of wee-porkers of sporting proclivities. It is amusing but will not suit all tastes.

"The Little Browns" is a book one can be really enthusiastic about, for once. We tried the rather risky experiment of reading it aloud to three intelligent small girls who were almost in tears because they had come to the end of "Treasure Island." It only needed the first chapter in which the professor whips the wrong twin, to make them forget Silver himself: and the book had to be passed round again for every picture to be gloated over twice. Without the artist, it would still be attractive, but no author and illustrator could have worked better together. Both are to be specially congratulated on the twins, "so funny and so darling," as the critics from upstairs pronounce them. "The Little Panjandrum's Dodo" is another Wallypug book without the Wallypug. Mr. Farrow is perhaps the most popular children's writer of clever nonsense at present. His is occasionally excellent fooling, and Mr. Allan Wright's illustrations are always commendable. Sometimes the fun is a little laboured. We miss the spontaneous absurdity of Lewis Carroll. But it is rather hard to expect Mr. Farrow to be Lewis Carroll; and children adore him, which is the great thing. "Black Puppy" by Theodora Elmslie and "His Little Royal Highness" by Ruth Ogden (Griffith, Farran. 3s. 6d. each) are simple and prettily got up. "Dot and the Kangaroo" by Ethel Pedley (Burleigh. 3s. 6d.) makes an appeal to the public on the grounds that the author spent her life in Australia, loved Australia and is now dead. There is a portrait of her on the first page. What is perhaps more to the point is that the Sydney artist Mr. Frank Mahoney knows his kangaroo and shows him cleverly, and that the story is fairly attractive. It is dedicated to "the children of Australia, in the hope of enlisting their sympathies for the many frolicsome creatures of their fair land." Mrs. Molesworth's "This and That" (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.) is a dear little book. "The Old Pincushion" also by Mrs. Molesworth (Griffith, Farran. 3s. 6d.) is for rather older children and is less striking. "Mignonette" by Jennie Chappell (Blackie. 2s.) has an abduction by gypsies in it, which is stale but exciting, if such a thing can be. Two books before us, "The Suitors of Aprille" and "Wee Folk, Good Folk" turn out not to be for children, after all. Appearances are deceitful. "Sylvia in Flowerland" by Linda Gardiner (Seeley. 3s. 6d.) is pretty, but tries to be instructive, which children will soon discover and resent. Let botany be botany. "The Story of the Treasure Seekers" by E. Nesbit (Unwin. 6s.) is a handsome and readable book with Gordon-Browne-cum-Baumer pictures. The title describes the sort of tale it is. "Pierrette" by Henry de Veré Stacpoole (the Bodley Head) is terribly sentimental. A little girl in it cries at every tale of woe and upsets ink without being scolded. "We hate her" said the critics from upstairs.

#### NOVELS.

"Active Service." By Stephen Crane. London: Heinemann. 1899. 6s.

It will be a disappointment to many to find that "Active Service" is a novel of character rather than of action. The cover alone suggests blood-guiltiness. It is true that Greece and Turkey do a little fighting here and there in the course of the story, but the spirit of war wears a cap and bells throughout and neither author nor reader takes it very seriously. Mr. Crane is impressed by the Greeks as a people who "exist on a basis of gibbering." As his American party escaped round the Gulf of Arta "they passed a little soldier leading a prisoner by a string. They passed more frightened peasants, who seemed resolved to flee down into the very boots of Greece. And people looked at them with scowls, envying them their speed. At the little town from which Coleman had embarked at one stage of the upward journey, they found crowds in the streets. There was no longer any laughter, any confidence, any vim. All the spirit of the visible Greek nation seemed to have been knocked out of it in two blows. But still they talked, and never ceased talking." Far the best thing in the book—and it constitutes the bulk of the plot—is the study of Coleman, the journalist. Other critics have praised Mr. Stephen Crane with weighty superlatives on account of his wonderful gift of realistic description, wonderful imagination, wonderful dramatic power, and so on. To us, the descriptions, the imagination and the dramatic power always smell a little of the lamp. We are tempted to call him "wonderful" this time on quite other grounds. The character of Coleman is "wonderfully" drawn. For supreme naturalness not many characters in fiction can beat it. Mr. Crane has made the man live.

"An Obscure Apostle." From the Polish of Madamie Orzeszko. London: Greening. 1899. 6s.

Very few English readers are acquainted with the work of Madame Orzeszko—perhaps not more than are familiar with



the Polish language. Not long ago this might have been said of Henryk Sienkiewicz her countryman, but now by means of translations of some of his more popular novels such as "By Fire and Sword" and "Quo Vadis" we have been enabled to extend our knowledge of Slavonic literature which was before almost entirely confined to the novels of Tourganieff and Tolstoi. This novel of Mme. Orzeszko now translated by Mr. De Soissons is we believe the only one of her numerous books which has yet appeared in English, but she is better known in France, though that country is not usually supposed to be particularly generous in recognising talent other than its own. Some of her novels have appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." In Germany too she is well known; and Mr. De Soissons quotes a statement by Henryk Sienkiewicz that Mme. Orzeszko "still holds the sceptre as a novelist in her own country." We are quite aware that a certain element of strangeness in names of persons, and of unfamiliarity with the scenes and modes of life, causes some perplexity and difficulty to English readers of Polish novels; but there are few of these hindrances to complete enjoyment in an "Obscure Apostle." The story is not indeed concerned with Polish life strictly speaking, but with a Jewish community settled in Poland; and readers of Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" and other Jewish stories will be struck with the very remarkable similarity between Mr. Zangwill's pictures of Jewish life, thought, and character, and those of Mme. Orzeszko. This is itself of considerable interest, but it is also embarrassing to a certain extent; and it would almost have been better if the translator had enabled the English public to make acquaintance with his author's powerful and charming talent through the medium of some of her novels dealing with a less special subject. But this is a somewhat ungracious spirit in which to speak of an absorbing and delightful story, and we are sure it will be read with the greatest pleasure by those who can best appreciate the merits of the finer kinds of fiction.

"The Human Interest: a Study in Incompatibilities." By Violet Hunt. London: Methuen. 1899. 6s.

We are very glad that Miss Violet Hunt has seen the wisdom of leaving to harder hands than hers the unwieldy tragic apparatus she laboured at, with scant success, in "Unkist, Unkind," and of returning to her proper business of satiric comedy. In "A Hard Woman" she showed great skill in seizing and recording certain phases of contemporary life, and although her temperament is rather analytical than imaginative, that tale of the painter, his hard wife, and the attractive tertium quid, was composed with a keen sense of dramatic fitness and a deliberate reticence which were wanting in the later book. All Miss Hunt's best qualities are brought to light again in "The Human Interest," which is the story of a not very cheerful landscape-painter who resolutely rejected, from his life as from his canvasses, all thought or love of woman. At last "the human interest" intruded, in the shape of a flightily sincere creature, with provincial yearnings after self-culture and modernity, who had left her besotted husband in search of freedom. Phoebe Elles, in her vanity and her oddly pathetic affectations, is a marvellously subtle study, and the growth of love in the churlish painter—the duel of art against nature, to quote from the obliging publisher's circular—is described with all that singular detachment and impartiality which some of Miss Hunt's critics are pleased to call cynicism. Certainly Miss Hunt is inclined rather to laugh at than with her characters, and we are sure that she never wept with them; but in that very detachment from personal sympathy lies the secret of her clear atmosphere, in which every motive and every movement are plainly visible. Perhaps the comedy is a little heartless, and one is inclined to suspect that the curtain was dropped with such startling suddenness because a continuation of the story would have plunged the author into unaccustomed pathos—for, whether Edmund Rivers—married Phoebe Elles or not, the end must have been certain discontent and misery. As it stands, however, the book is brilliant and entertaining, full of shrewd observation and keen humour, and in every way an advance on Miss Hunt's previous work.

"The White Queen." By Russell Garnier. London: Harper. 1899. 6s.

Historical novels are somewhat rare at the present day and unless they come from the pen of a writer with an eye to the picturesque and ability to seize the dramatic possibilities which abound in every epoch of a nation's history they weary. "The White Queen" is so nearly a good novel, that it is a disappointment not to be able to give it full praise. It deals with the fortunes of Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., who marries the invalid King Louis XII. of France, for reasons of state, whilst her heart is in the keeping of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Three young scions of the House of Brandon follow pretty Mary Tudor to France, taking vows upon themselves to watch over her safety and render to her knightly service. The record of their adventures and hair-breadth escapes might have been made extremely interesting. The

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three young gentlemen watching over Mary's safety, now and then bring to mind the "immortal three" of the elder Dumas.

"A Sailor's Bride." By Guy Boothby. London: White. 1899. 5s.

The wicked uncle of Mr. Guy Boothby's bespangled yarn had "the fatal power of making other people believe that he was cleverer than he really was." For Mr. Boothby's sake we trust that this peculiar power is not so deadly as he seems to think it is; were it so, many a weak-headed nursemaid to whose sentimental imaginings this prolific writer ministers would assuredly be in danger of losing one of the chief joys of her callow existence. "A Sailor's Bride" is written on lines now painfully familiar. It tells of a play-acting naval officer who, disguised as an Arab, is outwitted by the native chief he is sent to capture, but who, under highly improbable circumstances, rescues a beautiful girl from imminent death, and then tells her as if he thought she never dreamt of such a thing before how much he loves her. The story does not matter much to Mr. Boothby. He just piles incident on incident after the manner of the old barnstormers and with about as much fidelity to actual life. He labels one character a man and another a woman and works his puppets with the genius of a third-rate ventriloquist who is but sparsely supplied with patter and has no knowledge of individuality. One wonders how books of this class achieve a circulation. Save for the "raw-head" element in them they are clean, and this virtue is all that can be justly claimed for "A Sailor's Bride."

"The Pursuit of Camilla." By Clementina Black. London: Pearson. 1899. 6s.

"The Pursuit of Camilla" is a charmingly airy trifle of a book. Camilla has a fairy-tale atmosphere about her, but turns out to be just a modern pretty girl. She has been duped into imagining herself a deep and dark conspirator, of vast danger to the peace of nations, by an unscrupulous ruffian of a cousin, who lures her to his castle to force her into marriage, all in the good old style. A young Englishman, it need hardly be said, hastens to the rescue. The "pursuit" is worked out in the most lively manner. Sometimes it is Camilla's pretty parasol that she leaves to mark her trail, sometimes a note pencilled on a pocket handkerchief. The thing is lightly and gracefully done, and is distinctly clever. Miss Black has the right touch for this sort of book. Her diplomatists are admirable, her women charming.

"On Trial." By Zack. London: Blackwood. 1899. 6s.

It would be unfair to deny this book a certain cleverness, particularly in the dissection of rustic characters, but the many irrelevant incidents and conversations prevent our regarding it as a work of art. Nor does the extraordinarily depressing effect of the story incline a reader to indulgence. The chief character is so impossible a cur that no sympathy is possible for the succession of miseries which a particle of pluck would have enabled him to avoid. The heroine affords some pathetic touches, but these are overshadowed by an unnecessary theft and much unnecessary silliness. On the whole, the book must be dismissed as morbid and unreal; it is weighed down by an intolerable dialect; and few will be tempted to encourage Zack's further literary efforts, though the present is not without a distorted skill of its own.

"Heavens of Brass." By W. Scott King. London: At the Sign of the Unicorn. 1899. 6s.

Anyone who can overcome the repugnance which the "decorated cover" of this book must arouse, will find the contents quite readable. The theme is not a novel one, for other writers have treated the life of a young man of humble stock, educated at a great sacrifice for the career of a Nonconformist minister but driven by doubts to repudiate the profession and break his father's heart. The description of life in a Welsh coal-mining district is distinctly good, and there is merit in the account of the Midland theological college. Again, one can forgive much to a hero who, at his entrance examination to the above seminary, declared that "the Bible was written in English and then translated into Welsh afterwards."

"Against the Tides of Fate." By J. A. Barry. London: Duckworth. 1899. 3s. 6d.

In this volume of short sea stories, Mr. John Arthur Barry gives his readers some very startling and vivid pictures of life at sea. There are three or four tales among them well worth reading, the first one, certainly, and the two last in the volume. In "Steer North-East" there is an under-current of true pathos, which is charming, and "That Boy Jack" presents a picture of such wonderful pluck, daring, and cleverness, that he must surely become the idol of all boys, who are longing "to go and do something"! But, on the other hand, the book contains too many scenes of dark horror and suffering to make it either generally attractive or healthy, in spite of its decided power and picturesqueness.

"Rising Fortunes: the Story of a Man's Beginnings." By John Oxenham. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1899. 6s.

Mr. Oxenham's story of the two young Scotsmen who come to London in search of a living, and of whom one is an artist in black and white, the other an aspiring journalist, is not without entertainment of a light sort. The improbabilities of some of the situations are only such as one expects to find in minor novels and the destinies of the author's heroes are obvious from the outset.

"The Bread of Tears." By G. B. Burgin. London: John Long. 1899. 6s.

Mr. Burgin is writing so fast that he is in danger of losing his sense of humour. "The Bread of Tears" cannot be praised for anything except the description of a community of American missionaries in Armenia. The plot is rank melodrama and Mr. Burgin's characters, when he will take a little trouble with them, are far too good for such staging. He knows his Armenia, but he is a very indifferent creator of murderers and bandits.

"McTeague." By Frank Norris. London: Grant Richards. 1899. 6s.

As a social study Mr. Frank Norris has chosen a San Franciscan type of life which is repulsive in the sordidness of its vulgarity; he gives his readers a picture of human nature in its brute aspect. There are some minor offences against art, and we can scarcely conceive it possible to find much more unpleasant characters to delineate. The drab monotone of the story is unrelieved.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Wonder Workers: a Dream of Holy Flowers." By A. O'D. Bartholeyns. With Illustrations by Delapoeur Downing. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Bartholeyns' book is pretty and fanciful enough to please children but it has also a wider appeal to the lovers of mystical and legendary lore. All the tender beautiful fancies by which the Catholic mediæval mind interpreted the eloquence of flowers as symbols of truths lovelier even in their spiritual beauty than the colour and fragrance of roses and lilies are gathered together with reverence, and appreciation of their æsthetic value if not of their devout and illuminating insight. The pretty red and white of the daisy are the confusion and purification of S. Margaret of Cortona; lilies came from the tears of Eve; roses springing up as a thicket protected the Holy Child on the road to Egypt when the crackling talkative genista nearly betrayed Him to His enemies. The rose of all flowers has the fullest significance as befits its beauty. In many legends such as that of S. Elizabeth does the modesty of charity seeking to hide its good works find exquisite concealment in a wealth of rose-leaves. Emblem of secrecy it is placed over the Confessional as a finger on the lips. The willow weeps that its branches were once the scourge of its Maker, and the hawthorn is pallid with the remembrance that it formed the crown of thorns. A chapter extremely useful for reference is that on the fruit and flowers used as symbols and decoration in the pictures of the National Gallery. The illustrations which are in wash and in colour are full of feeling and grace, the "Legend of the Carline Thistle" being a singularly pretty piece of work.

"Don Quixote de la Mancha" Primera Edición del texto restituído por J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly y J. Ormsby. Segunda Parte. Vol. 2. Londres: Nutt. 1899. 42s.

Amazement can alone be aroused that this important work should see the light in this country. Like "the Cambridge Shakespeare," it gives the exact text of the first edition, only amending obvious misprints, and all lovers of the ingenioso caballero will make a point of possessing it. Lest an English introduction should be deemed an impertinent intrusion, it has been delicately relegated to the end of the volume with a fine disregard for the incongruity of such a position. It deserves, however, to be read first for the many new side-lights which it affords. We are inclined to agree with the editors that the first edition is the most deserving of rescue, for the talk of Cervantes' bumpkins, being a faithful reflection of real life "with a plentiful lacing of archaisms, solecisms and blunders," set countless traps for succeeding editors. For instance, after the battle with the wine-skins, Sancho, hunting for the giant's head, protests that he has seen it cut off "por mis mismismos ojos," but this spluttering superlative, intended to convey the Squire's excitement, has been treated as a printer's error by one editor and solemnly set down as plain "mismos." As the introduction sums it up, "any backsliding from the humdrum tends to beget a suspicion of error in the editorial mind; and, were it not that Sancho's flounderings are oftentimes expressly pointed out in the text, they might too probably have been purged as misprints." It is indeed appalling to reflect upon the countless corruptions, to which the text of the great Spanish classic has been subjected, and it was high time that so transcendent a masterpiece should be restored to its pristine purity.



"Star-Land." By Sir Robert Stawell Ball. London: Cassell. 1899. 7s. 6d.

This is a new and revised edition of the lectures on astronomy delivered by Sir Robert Stawell Ball at the Royal Institution in 1881 and 1887 at the Christmastide lectures of those two years; and they are of course adapted to the capacities of the juvenile audiences to whom they were addressed. As an introduction to the study of the marvels of the heavens and the earth and as a means of impressing the minds of youthful readers with the grand conceptions of illimitable space and time these lectures are unequalled. They not only make delightfully simple the physical facts but they seize upon and fascinate the imagination; and the boy or girl whose parents are wise enough to desire to lead their children's minds into a range of ideas outside those of common life may by hearing these lectures read be enabled to take their first steps in philosophy. Other branches of science, such as chemistry and electricity, are now perhaps more popular, but for the purposes of true education astronomy with such a teacher as Sir Robert Ball remains unrivalled. We need do no more than notice that this new edition contains an additional chapter on "How to Name the Stars." It is the only chapter which will puzzle young people unless they have the help of some older person who is acquainted with star maps. In all the rest of the book they may be safely left to find their own way along the paths of the sun, the moon, the planets, comets and the shooting stars, and to lose themselves there in admiration and astonishment.

"The Lewis Carroll Picture Book." Edited by S. D. Collingwood, B.A. London: Unwin. 1899. 6s.

"The Story of Lewis Carroll." Told for Young People by Miss Isa Bowman. London: Dent. 1899. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Collingwood's title is not too happily chosen; and part of his book may prove "caviare to the general." But no true lover of the lovable, the unique, and (when the mood suited his pleasure as it often did) the exclusive Don who delighted in mathematics and yet found plenty of leisure for photography, fairy tales, and the society of children, can afford to pass by this new treasure-house of Carrolliana. The author of the "Life and Letters" has gathered together and arranged with care and skill a selection from hitherto unpublished writings and drawings and added to these some university exercises that have certainly been printed before but were for the most part either inaccessible or unacknowledged. The "pictures," about two dozen in number, include a portrait of Lewis Carroll dated 1874 and portraits of the late Professor Jowett and Dean Stanley. The majority of the illustrations—they are all excellently printed, by the way—are taken from photographs or sketches by Lewis Carroll himself and thus have a special value. Whilst the true Carrollian will steadily go through every page, the less faithful will find the letters full of charm. Then one cannot but be enthusiastic over the "journal" which Lewis Carroll wrote for Miss Isa Bowman to commemorate a visit that she paid him at Oxford. Readers whose hobby it is to trace genius "in the making" will find here much to stimulate their interest. Lewis Carroll was unable "to set invention going like a clock." It was his way to wait for the ideas to "come of themselves." That they came in such quality and such number is a fact upon which the world may congratulate itself unreservedly. Mr. Collingwood's volume will among its other services to Charles Dodgson's memory help to spread a knowledge of the heart-seriousness that underlay all Lewis Carroll's work and betokened the man in the, to the outside world masked merryman. This seriousness of character finds eloquent expression in the attractive volume issued by Mr. Dent. Miss Isa Bowman presents Lewis Carroll to us "in his most delightful aspect—as a friend to children." No one could have done this better than "the real Alice" who knew him so well. Her book is a tender tribute to the worth of Lewis Carroll's friendship. Miss Bowman gives us the Oxford "journal" in facsimile.

"The Boy's Book of Inventions." By Ray Stannard Baker. London: Harper. 1900.

Stories of the wonders of modern science could not be better told than they are in this very fascinating volume by Mr. Baker. The selection includes the chief branches of science in which the most striking modern discoveries have been made, and the most remarkable mechanical adaptations by which they have been applied to practical uses. Not only boys but persons of any age will appreciate the lucid explanations of the scientific principles which have given birth to so many inventions, and be equally interested in the immense number of illustrations of submarine voyaging, liquefaction of air, the wireless system of telegraphy, the varieties of motor vehicles, the X-ray photography, the fascinating tailless kites (with which Captain Baden Powell the hero of Mafeking is so closely associated) the flying machines, and the phonograph. Not the least interesting parts of the book are the sketches of the remarkable men to whom we owe so many of our modern wonders. In every respect literary as well as scientific the book is worthy of the subjects with which it deals.

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"The Romance of our Ancient Churches." By Sarah Wilson.  
Illustrated by Alexander Ansted. London: Constable. 1899. 6s.

This gift-book combines pleasantly two people's note-books, for Mr. Ansted's pretty woodcuts were probably not made for the text. It is well that the imaginativeness of Englishmen should be quickened about their old parish churches, though the "romance" of them, alas! has been well-nigh obliterated by half a century of ignorant and cheap "restoration," rather than by the moth and rust of which the authoress speaks. She herself alludes in rather a philistine way (p. 147) to "modern improvements" on the fine old candelabra. But she writes otherwise with feeling and taste, dwelling on the "intangible presentment of scholarship, beauty, and holiness" pervading the ancient buildings, especially the "inscrutable reticence" of the low, square, north-country towers, "some worn with sea-fret, some weather-beaten with mountain storms, but otherwise unscathed and unmarred." There are a few errors. A palimpsest (p. 61) is not a brass inscribed on both sides, the chained Homilies, "Apologies" and "Paraphrases" (p. 141) date from the sixteenth rather than the seventeenth century, and it is very unlikely that Saxon dames were well enough to be present in church (p. 102) when their offspring received christendom. The Latin is rather odd—"tympani" (p. 94), "a candelabra" (p. 147), "pro animabus" (twice), while "J.H.C. est amor me" (p. 61) should probably read "I.H.C. [Jesus] est amor meus." Some points of interest are left unnoticed. On p. 105, for instance, the fonts at Hendon and at S. Martin's Canterbury are mentioned without allusion to the traditions of the Confessor having been christened in the one and Ethelbert in the other.

"The Heroes." By Charles Kingsley. The Temple Classics for Young People. London: at the Aldine House: Dent. 1899. 1s. 6d. each.  
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By this time one shrinks from a new edition of the "Rubáiyát;" but it is impossible to deny that this last one is opportune in its appearance at Christmas time. If everyone has a copy of his own by now, he probably has not the original prefaces and notes. The present volume is charmingly got up, and should help to increase the poem's already great popularity. Knowledge of the real thing should save Fitzgerald in the future from being operated on by literary parasites—a fate he has not escaped in the past.

"An Introduction to the Study of Dante." By John Addington Symonds. Fourth Edition. London: Black. 1899. 7s. 6d.

We welcome a new edition of this excellent book. Mr. Horatio Brown, Symonds' life long friend, supplies a short preface, and points out that the preparation of a third edition was the last work of the author's literary career as the writing of the book itself was the first. This is really an "Introduction," not a résumé like Christina Rossetti's "Shadow of Dante," also an excellent work in its way. Here we find the promise of dis-

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"A Selection from the Poetry of Samuel Daniel and Michael Drayton." Edited by the Rev. H. C. Beeching. London: Dent. 1899. 3s. 6d. net.

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answered and disposed of. It was buried with Beethoven. Mr. Baughan should not have raised its antiquated ghost by an unwarranted definition of a word made sacred by the composer of the immortal "Nine."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOS. F. DAVIES.

#### A GERMAN LYRIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Athenæum Club.

SIR,—One more.

O'er all the hill tops  
Is rest.  
In the trees' still tops  
To thy quest  
Scarce breath of air.  
Birds in the wood are in silence.  
Wait thou : a while hence  
Rest too shalt share.

Yours, EDWARD WILBERFORCE.

#### THE CROMWELL STATUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Folkestone, 27 November, 1899.

SIR,—Justice has at last been done to the memory of the grandest figure in English history, the Great Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell, by placing his statue by a singular irony on a site facing the scene of the most daring exploit of his daring career. As his title to the honour of posterity is challenged by those who in ignorance or prejudice take partial views only of his character and career, let us balance both sides of the question impartially, and see on what foundation his claims actually rest.

He is charged especially with having had a prominent share in the condemnation and execution of the King, but this King had broken every principle of the Constitution he had sworn to defend, had proposed to bring over a rabble of Irish ruffians to control English liberty and had deliberately set aside, ignored, destroyed and degraded the authority of a House of Commons, not like that which Cromwell kicked contemptuously into the street, a cabal of needy, seedy, greedy politicians seeking nothing but their own selfish and sordid interests, some of them moreover of infamous character and antecedents (although it is not alleged even against these sorry knaves that they spouted treason for weekly wages) but one reckoning in its ranks such men as Pym and Hampden—the most sincere of patriots and worthy to be placed among the brightest names of English history, the truest of England's heroes who risked life and fortune in the defence of her liberty.

This King, moreover, was so faithless and insincere, that the leaders of the Puritan party were actually compelled to take his life to save their own. But who, Sir, were the real sinners in this matter, if sin it was? The poor King was in the hands of the Scotch Parliament and army, a race and nation with whom he claimed kinship, to whom he had done no wrong as he had to Englishmen, who pretended a romantic devotion to his family, upon whom he had thrown himself for hospitality and protection. Yet these shabby rascals sold the poor man to those they knew he had grossly injured and must though unwillingly take his life as I say actually to save their own, for the sum of £400,000 which they put into their own pockets; this damning fact of history has escaped the notice it should have received when the fate of Charles is discussed.

But the hand of fate was upon them, stern swift sure and inexorable. The fatal field of Dunbar you will remember from which not one of that recreant army escaped death or capture, followed hard upon and avenged this infamous bargain, a fitting and characteristic retribution. Even Judas when he had betrayed his Master, had conscience enough left to hang himself for the crime, but these shabby rascals pocketed the blood-money of their King, thanked God they were not as other men and went to prayers. If he had caught Charles II. and dealt with him as he dealt with the father, we should have escaped one of the most disgraceful pages in English history, wherein an English King actually received a pension from the

French monarch and spent it on his mistresses, while the army, the navy and all the great interests of the country went to rack and ruin, and a foreign fleet swept our shores; better surely Sir, a military dictator even than a "merry monarch" at this price.

It is alleged that Cromwell governed tyrannically, but it must be remembered that on the death of the King all authority was destroyed, nothing but the strong hand and iron grip and will of a leader like Oliver could have controlled the elements of civil disorder with all the misfortunes in its train that would otherwise have ensued. He was rough upon the Irish undoubtedly, but if we read the history of the previous fifty years or indeed of any period in Irish history, we shall find that the alleged cruelties of Cromwell were tender mercies compared with the fearful murder rapine and bloodshed that the Irish people inflicted upon each other mainly at the instigation of their priests.

We are told that Cromwell was a ruffian. I admit he was not a man to be trifled with, nor should anyone be for that matter, but let us remember that at a time when the armies of Europe were recruited from the criminals and ruffianism and vagabondage of every country, Cromwell formed his army of 80,000 men on his own plan from the best classes of the country, a model of personal respectability, strictest discipline and splendid soldiery, and we should remember that when the army was disbanded it returned to the duties and conditions of civil life without the slightest disorder and without the slightest discontent, a spectacle unknown before or since his day. Let us copy this great man in this at least. At the present moment, Sir, our Empire depends on the high qualities of our soldiers; these brave fellows are answering nobly to the call, and yet socially they expose them to contempt (*sic*); surely, Sir, this should not be. By soldiers especially should this great man be respected, for by making the citizen a good soldier and the soldier a good citizen, he made the profession of arms at once respectable and respected. He raised England to a point of grandeur among nations which she never attained before and has never attained since, for under the leadership of her great captain, she became the terror of evil-doers throughout the world, the refuge of the weak and hope of the oppressed in every land. You remember his message to the Pope and the Duke of Savoy when appealed to by the Protestants of the Vaudois villages.

Was such a man a ruffian? We must moreover judge Cromwell by the character of the times, and the influence of his surroundings. It is alleged that after all he left no mark on English history exercised no influence on subsequent events. This I submit is a narrow bookman view. The work of keeping down the elements of disorder left him no time for reconstruction, but the subsequent revolutions and constantly improving political conditions of England were the direct results of his high-handed dealing with Charles. I own too that he did not, like Napoleon, cover a whole continent with bloodshed and rapine. He did not slay hundreds of thousands to satisfy his own selfish ambition, sowing the seeds of bitterest hatred and bequeathing to the country he pretended to love a tribe of profligate unprincipled adventurers who finished by bringing upon it the greatest disaster of modern days. Which Sir, is the greater man, Oliver the protector of the oppressed or Napoleon their curse? Surely in true greatness there must be some element of goodness, Lord Wolseley and his panegyric of Napoleon to the contrary notwithstanding.

But abuse him as you may, he stands the grandest figure in English history, and in his clear common-sense, his strong hand, iron will, unimpeachable integrity and lion heart, we must recognise the loftiest type of the English race, the very incarnation of its characteristic virtues. His monument stands at last where it should, facing the scene of the most daring and not least commendable act of his life, a warning to the wily politician, a lesson to the honest statesman, an example to the patriotic soldier.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. B. GARLING.

[It is a pity that the author of this remarkable panegyric should not know which way the Cromwell statue faces. It does not face the "scene" referred to, but turns its back on it.—ED. S. R.]

## REVIEWS.

## GREAT BRITAIN AND HANOVER.

"Great Britain and Hanover: some Aspects of the Personal Union, being the Ford Lectures delivered in the University of Oxford, Hilary Term, 1899." By William Adolphus Ward. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1899. 5s.

THE University of Oxford showed judgment in framing the conditions on which the Lectureship in English history founded by the munificence of the late Mr. Ford should be held. Had it been tenable for five years as are most of the University Readerships, it would in all probability have followed their example. It would have been held practically for life either by some distinguished non-resident who had not sufficient time to devote to his lectures, or by some fortunate college tutor who would have delivered as reader the same or much the same lectures which he would have given in his ordinary course of college tuition. Warned by this experience the University determined that the Lecturer should hold office only for one year, that no Lecturer should be re-eligible until four years had elapsed from his appointment and required of him for his fee of £100 only six lectures.

The results have fully justified expectations. The three Lecturers who have been appointed since the foundation of the Lectureship have given courses which have been based on genuine research and will be of permanent value. And if Dr. Ward's lecture does not deal with such a thrilling subject as did Mr. Gardiner in his "Place of Cromwell in History" or with so recondite a subject as did Professor Maitland in his "Township and Borough," the topic he has chosen is not without its interest or its value. To anyone at all cognisant of the eighteenth century the influence of the personal union between Great Britain and Hanover is indeed a sufficiently familiar problem. Nevertheless the threads of the European complications in which England was involved during the eighteenth century are so numerous and so involved, and the whole subject has been so deeply coloured by party and personal prejudice that a monograph, and especially an impartial one, was much needed. For this task Dr. Ward was well fitted. The position of his father as Consul General at Hamburg gave him an opportunity of thoroughly mastering German in early life, and an interest in the problems of North German politics which is enjoyed by few. If there is any fault to find it is that Dr. Ward's German scholarship has affected his English style. This we take it is the explanation of those long and involved sentences which are sometimes both irritating and confusing.

It will be remembered that a clause in the Act of Settlement had provided that England should not be engaged without consent of Parliament in a war for the defence of any dominions not belonging to the Crown of this country. But inasmuch as the prerogative of peace and war enjoyed by the King remained intact this clause did not prevent him from making such treaties or alliances as he thought fit. At best therefore the existence of this clause furnished a weapon to the Opposition by which to attack any ministry, on the ground that the interests of Great Britain were being sacrificed to those of a beggarly electorate—or gave point to the squibs and satires which did not spare the Crown itself. The best way said Chesterfield, writing in the reign of George II., to defeat the cause of the Pretender would be to make him Elector of Hanover for England would never tolerate another ruler thence. Whether these attacks were true must always be the chief question of interest in dealing with the personal union—a question which can be best answered by devoting our attention to two periods. These are the first three years of the reign of George I. and the seven years covered by the War of the Austrian Succession. Dr. Ward concludes an interesting sketch of the earlier history of the House of Brunswick-Lüneburg by thus describing the cardinal traditions of Hanoverian policy at the moment of the accession of the Elector George Lewis to the Crown of England:—

"A firm support of the House of Austria" (he should

by the way have said the House of Hapsburg in Austria); "a loyal maintenance of the integrity of the Empire, and a steady resistance against the aggressions of France."

In view of the fact that the foreign policy of the Whigs since the reign of William III. had been practically based on the same principles we should have expected that the policy would have been continued. Yet within three years of George I.'s accession we find Great Britain forming the Triple Alliance with France and Holland; an alliance which was at first looked upon with considerable suspicion by Austria. That the chief reason for the change is to be found in the personal interests of George I. and the Regent Orleans cannot for a moment be doubted: both held precarious positions: both were threatened by pretenders. Whether England herself was concerned in the maintenance of the Hanoverian succession was indeed the very question which divided the Whigs and the extreme Tories. From that point of view therefore Dr. Ward is justified in regarding the Triple Alliance as a twofold triumph. Yet it may be asked whether England should not have accepted the offers of further commercial privileges made by the Spanish minister Alberoni as a price of England's neutrality abroad, and it is questionable whether England was concerned in the struggle between Austria and Spain over their possessions in Italy.

Such an abandonment of the cause of the Hapsburgs was however so contrary to the traditions of Hanover, that Alberoni's offers were rejected. The Triple Alliance which was subsequently joined by Austria attempted to check the designs of Spain and insisted that she should exchange Sicily with the Emperor for Sardinia while securing the succession in Parma and Tuscany for Don Carlos the eldest son of Philip V. and Elizabeth Farnese. Alberoni, thwarted in his hope of the English alliance and in his dream of regaining the lost Italian possessions for Spain, now supported the Jacobites and turned his eyes to the North where the influence of the Hanoverian policy had made two dangerous enemies. The interests of England in that part of Europe were confined to the protection of our trade on the Baltic which had been endangered by Swedish privateers during the struggle between Charles XII. and the Tsar Peter the Great. These difficulties could in all probability have been settled by diplomacy. Not so the outstanding quarrel between Hanover and the Swedish King. This was caused by occupation of Bremen and Verden with the consent of Denmark, possessions once belonging to Charles XII. which had been occupied by Denmark during his exile at Bender, and to the desire of Hanover to expel Sweden from all her territories on the south of the Baltic, a desire shared by Denmark and Prussia. In pursuance of that aim Great Britain was induced (Nov. 1714) to enter into a treaty of mutual guarantee with Prussia, and led in May 1715 to a more specific engagement between Hanover and Denmark to drive Sweden from her acquisitions within the Empire, followed in June by the final cession of all Danish claims on Bremen and Verden. It is true that England was no party to the two treaties last mentioned and that the terms of the agreement with Prussia were vague, but it is significant that the treaty with Prussia was negotiated by the Hanoverian Privy Councillor Eltz, and that Heusch the Hanoverian minister requested Frederick William I. of Prussia to content himself with a verbal engagement that the English fleets should be used to support the combination against Sweden, "since a written engagement would have to go through the hands of the British ministers." Moreover, though the English Admiral Norris did not proceed to active hostilities against Sweden, he would probably have done so had the Dutch consented to act with him, and as it was the presence of the English fleet contributed to the capture of Rügen and Stralsund by the allies in 1715, and the final surrender of Weimar in 1716, the last place held by Sweden on German soil. What wonder if in these circumstances Charles XII. rejected the English offers of mediation, turned his ear to the schemer Görtz and sought in alliance with Peter the Great to support the cause of the Pretender. For here again the evil influence of Hanover was felt. England indeed in spite of the King's wishes took no direct part in her quarrel



with the Tzar over the Mecklenburg affair, yet Hanover did, and this coupled with the continued presence of the English fleet in the Baltic roused his apprehensions and led him also to listen to the suggestions of Görtz. Fortunately for England the death of Charles XII. in December 1718 put an end to this dangerous coalition, and altered the policy of Great Britain. Sweden under her new king Frederick I., the husband of Ulrica Eleanora, sister of Charles XII., and with her new constitution whereby the royal power was reduced to a cipher was no longer dangerous. A defensive treaty was accordingly negotiated by Carteret against Russia and Denmark (1720) which, if of value to England because it served to keep the Baltic open now threatened by those two Powers, was of still more value to Hanover, since she gained in return a definitive cession of Bremen and Verden from Sweden.

Nor was the alliance with Sweden maintained. Abandoned by George I., who had made use of her chiefly in pursuit of Hanoverian interests, she was forced by the Peace of Nystad (1721) to surrender to Russia all her possessions on the eastern shores of the Baltic, except Finland and part of Carelia, and to lose with them the position of predominant power in that sea. Thus the acquisition of Bremen and Verden by Hanover which at best gave England "access to the gates of the Empire" had brought us to the brink of a great war with Sweden and Russia in alliance with the Jacobites and in the end did nothing to secure the Baltic trade in which alone we were really concerned, while the Hanoverian tendencies of the King contributed to the Whig schism of 1717 and Townshend's resignation. But if the Hanoverian policy of George I. excited discontent in England, still more did that of George II. during the war of the Austrian Succession. In spite of Walpole's profound distrust of Austria, his belief in the value of the French alliance and his desire to keep England out of all European complications, the cause of Maria Theresa was at first popular in England and that minister just before his fall had been forced to engage in the struggle.

But opinion in England soon veered round. The treaty of neutrality made by George as Elector of Hanover in September 1741 by which he bound himself to abstain from assisting Maria Theresa, and pledged himself not to vote for her husband Francis Stephen of Lorraine at the approaching Imperial election, once more roused the susceptibilities of England, while later, the policy of Carteret, who on Walpole's fall held for a brief period of two years the post of Secretary of Foreign Affairs for the Northern Department, lashed the popular indignation into fury. At first indeed Carteret pursued the policy of Walpole which had been one of mediation. In June 1742 he guaranteed the preliminaries of Breslau, thereby contributing materially to the Peace of Berlin (July) which closed the first Silesian war and bought off Frederick the Great by the cession of Silesia. It should now have been the aim of Carteret to prevent a renewal of the alliance between Frederick and France and if possible to have avoided a direct declaration of war with France. Unfortunately led away by his magnificent schemes of foreign policy and by his close intimacy with the Hanoverian advisers of the King, he pursued an exactly opposite course.

In February 1743 the English army with Hessians and Hanoverians paid by English subsidies defeated the French army at Dettingen and on 1 September the Treaty of Worms was signed, by which England, Austria, Holland, Sardinia and Saxony agreed to uphold the Pragmatic Sanction and the Balance of Power in Europe. All the territories of Austria were guaranteed and England undertook to subsidise Sardinia, Austria and subsequently Saxony. This policy was most disastrous. In March, 1744, France declared war against England; Frederick II. alarmed at this new coalition again joined France and plunged into the war, and England loudly denounced the system of subsidies by which we had to pay for a struggle in which we were not directly concerned. Carteret fell before the storm. England in the secret Convention of Hanover (August 1745) returned to her early policy of mediation, and by refusing to continue her subsidies if Maria Theresa did not come to terms with Frederick forced her to make the Peace of Dresden (December). In the war which still continued between

Austria and England against France, England gained nothing from her Austrian ally. Her reverses in the Netherlands balanced her victories at sea, and by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, which finally closed the long struggle, a mutual surrender of conquests at sea and in India was agreed to between England and France.

Walpole had shown wisdom in attempting to keep England out of the Continental struggle. The traditions of Hanoverian policy and the new-found jealousy of Prussia, had alike dictated an alliance with Maria Theresa. But though the sympathies of England were at first aroused by the misfortunes of the heroic Queen of Hungary, her true interests lay in neglecting these European complications and in devoting herself to that struggle for colonial and maritime supremacy with France which had already begun. The close of the war of the Austrian Succession marks the final breakdown of the old alliance of England with Austria, which was the necessary outcome of William III.'s great struggle with Louis XIV., but which had been continued under the first two kings of the Hanoverian line, partly from force of habit but primarily owing to their Hanoverian traditions, sympathies and interests. With the outbreak of the Seven Years' War all is changed. Frederick overcoming his dislike to his Hanoverian neighbours becomes the ally of England. Hanover is forced to follow suit and at last suffers the usual fate of the less powerful partner. The Electoral troops were for a short time used for the defence of England, the Electorate was overrun by the French, and "underwent sufferings and privations such as had not befallen it since the days of the Thirty Years' War."

In our struggle with Napoleon the Electorate experienced a still harder fate. Temporarily occupied by Prussia, by the leave of Napoleon, from March to October, 1801, it fell again into the hands of the French during the years 1803 to 1805 and the Hanoverian forces were fain to take service in the German Legion under English pay. Offered as a bribe to Prussia in 1806, it fell a third time into French hands after the quarrel of the first Consul with Prussia, and subsequently formed part of the kingdom of Westphalia under Jerome, only to regain its independence once more on the final fall of Napoleon. Thus did the Electorate expiate a thousandfold the troubles she had brought on England during the earlier days of the Personal Union, and when on the accession of Queen Victoria the Personal Union was at last dissolved, none were found to regret the event. "Since the conclusion of the Great War, the two countries," says Dr. Ward, "had drifted more and more apart in their political sentiments and aspirations." The Personal Union had brought little good to either partner and "on neither side is the lesson to be forgotten. The great efforts and achievements in which Great Britain and Hanover each had a share should nevertheless remain for both countries a historic remembrance of unusual interest, and the foundations of a lasting mutual good will."

#### A FOLLOWER OF BLAKE.

"A Life of Richard Badiley, Vice-Admiral of the Fleet."  
By T. A. Spalding. London: Constable. 1899.  
15s.

AS the author says at the beginning of this book "Richard Badiley makes no figure in history" but his life is nevertheless an exceedingly interesting one. He began his career at sea in the trading service to the Mediterranean which in the time of Charles I. was already considerable. Up to the year 1500 our goods were exported to Genoa and Venice in foreign ships, but by the middle of the century we were employing our own vessels, and doing a considerable trade with Sicily, Candia, Cyprus and Syria. It was carried on under considerable difficulty, our ships having to run the gauntlet of innumerable corsairs and pirates which infested that sea. This led to many a hard fight; for our traders knew that if unsuccessful in beating off the marauders, slavery, if not death, awaited them. Badiley seems to have been noted for his conduct

in these affairs and hence at the Revolution, being an adherent of the Parliamentary party, he was given command of a ship in the fleet collected by Cromwell. The first duty of this force was to frustrate the operations of Prince Rupert and how well Blake performed this duty history has related. Badiley served with him for some time and then convoyed some traders to the Mediterranean. Then his troubles began. Up to this time the Dutch had been the principal carriers of merchandise at sea. Their system was one of navigation and trade which made them pre-eminent in commerce during the seventeenth century. As ours expanded the two countries came into rivalry, and the massacre at Amboyna in 1622 produced a strong feeling of hostility against the Dutch. It became first a question of commercial, and then maritime supremacy. When the inevitable war broke out in 1652 Badiley was returning with his convoy from the Levant. His force consisted of four men of war and four merchant ships. He knew that another small English squadron was at Leghorn and that a superior Dutch force was in the Mediterranean. To steer for Leghorn and effect a junction was therefore his resolve. However, when within a short distance of that port the Dutch fell upon him and it was only owing to a calm ensuing after some hours' fighting that Badiley escaped with the loss of one of his ships. The other squadron at Leghorn under Appleton did not come out to his assistance and was then blockaded for a considerable period. Badiley refitted at Porto Ferrajo, and eventually sailed to raise the blockade trusting that Appleton would come out and support him at the right moment. Though the two combined were inferior to the Dutch squadron, Badiley hoped that the convoy at any rate would escape. To his dismay on approaching Leghorn he found Appleton had gone out too soon, and that his squadron was practically annihilated, while he himself had not arrived within striking distance. In these circumstances he had no alternative but to beat a retreat. This incident, owing to Appleton's misrepresentations, led at first to Badiley's disgrace; but he cleared himself and was appointed Rear-Admiral. He died in London on the very day Admiral Blake died at sea. There was much in common between the two men. Ardent fighters, both trusted in Providence and strove their utmost. Had Badiley remained with Blake he probably would have become famous. The great struggle for command of the sea was taking place in English waters. We could not afford to detach ships to the Mediterranean, and an isolated reverse there would have no effect upon the result. Hence Badiley had to do the best he could without help, and his misfortunes bring out perhaps better than success the character of a man who served his country faithfully at a critical time. To the student of history this record of his life is valuable as throwing light upon the events—still somewhat obscure—which occurred in the fleet at the beginning of the Revolution, when it seemed likely that the opposing parties might meet in conflict at sea as well as on land.

#### GRISEBACH'S HOFFMANN.

"E. T. A. Hoffmann's sämtliche Werke." Herausgegeben von Eduard Grisebach. Leipzig: Max Hesse's Verlag. 1900. 8m.

WILL the very careful edition of Herr Grisebach, to which he has prefixed a most painstaking biography, revive, to any great extent, the fame of the once popular E. T. A. Hoffmann, lawyer, musician, musical critic, novelist? Fantastic, often grotesque in ideas, humorous, yet mystical, with a strange liking for the horrible; unequal, sometimes graceful, occasionally coarse, mostly original, he was a favourite in those days when the standard of romanticism was raised against the classic school. The author's nights were disturbed by the children of his over-excited brain; it is doubtful whether he was not in frequent danger of joining the ranks of the madmen he loved to depict, and it was reported by detractors and admirers alike that he never wrote better than when under the influence of the cup that does inebriate. As to the latter detail, his

biographer bravely struggles against accumulated evidence. His opera "Undine," for which Fouqué turned his charming Tale into verse, was fairly successful at the time, but has with his other compositions sunk into limbo; his musical criticism—though occasionally very graceful as in his poetical analysis of "Don Giovanni"—has followed the opera, yet in its time it undoubtedly contributed to a fuller appreciation of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. A personage of his own creation, which as a handy puppet he introduced again and again in his writings, the "Music director" (or conductor) Kreisler inspired Schumann's "Kreisleriana." And it is claimed for him that his "Krieg der Sänger," together with Heine's Tannhäuser verses, inspired Richard Wagner to write his opera; even a partial influence, by Klingsor in "Parsifal" is, perhaps a little violently, traced to that source. Certain it is that from the twenties down into the forties Hoffmann was a name to conjure with. Will the newly manifested spirit of marvel and mystic in Gerhard Hauptmann's "Versunkene Glocke" and other recent works, lead the public back, in whatever qualified form, to Hoffmann?

Like too many German writers at the beginning of the century—Goethe not entirely excepted—Hoffmann seemed but little, if at all, to feel the degradation of his country under the heel of Napoleon. Indeed, in that period, no evidence meets us in him of political insight. Warsaw, with a large slice of Polish territory, had for a while, by the third Partition, become Prussian territory, and Hoffmann was stationed there as a Government officer. He fiddled and painted in complete indifference to what happened around him, till after Jena he found to his astonishment the Prussian officials were subjected to a bag and baggage policy; Warsaw became again the capital of a partly restored Poland. The Berlin Government, utterly ruined for a while, had neither place nor pension to offer to its superfluous bureaucrats. Then, and for years, Hoffmann heroically struggled against poverty, giving lessons, making drawings, selling them at low prices, singing in public, composing ballets, acting as musical conductor to small troupes. Some of his scene-painting may seem to have influenced his literary style: it was necessary to lay on the colours thick and fast. Slowly and gradually he turned to literary work. Little, if any, credit is due to his patriotic rhetoric about the battle of Dresden and Napoleon's return from Elba: they are not above music-hall rank. But when after the peace he was at length restored to his professional life and rapidly rose to a high judicial position, he presents the noble spectacle of an upright judge withstanding government opposition to all liberal tendency. Reaction followed the so-called War of Liberation and Hoffmann was appointed a member of the special commission whose chief object was to prosecute those who endeavoured to keep the German princes to the fulfilment of the promises made in the hour of dire need. He secured the release of Professor Jahn who was criminally prosecuted for his opposition to bureaucratic tyranny and strenuously fought for the impartial administration of justice irrespective of person or rank. A wholly despotic "Order of the Cabinet," over the King's (Frederic William III.) signature was necessary to silence Hoffmann, and to close the proceedings against the delator Kamptz. These honourable facts only became known in 1885, when they were extracted from the "Geheime Staatsarchiv." The general tenour of Hoffmann's life makes it doubly pleasing to record them.

#### THE DECEMBER REVIEWS.

It requires a very detached mind to discover much of importance in the December reviews beyond British interests. We say this at the risk of incurring the grave rhetorical displeasure of Mr. Robert Buchanan who in the "Contemporary" trounces the Hooligans of literature with Mr. Rudyard Kipling at their head for advocating "a coarse and soulless patriotism." Mr. Charles Whibley on "The Library of an Old Scholar" in "Blackwood," Mr. Leslie Stephen on John Donne—by whom he is both repelled and attracted—in the "National," Mr. Herbert Spencer on Professor Ward's "Naturalism and Agnosticism" in the "Fortnightly," and Mr. Horace Round on "Cromwell and the Electorate" in the "Nineteenth" contribute



noteworthy papers which should not be overlooked. If the British people are absorbed by the South African crisis, the explanation is not far to seek. As Mr. H. W. Wilson points out in the "National" this is the first war of any magnitude in which the Empire has been engaged since the structure of democracy was completed in 1885. That Great Britain was not properly prepared was due to the fear of the Government that the people might fail to understand and approve precautionary measures. How differently would things have been under the German system! says Mr. Wilson. The German Government would have got its troops into South Africa first and negotiated afterwards. Boer ambitions in short would have been nipped even before they budded.

What those ambitions are—or perhaps it would now be more correct to say were—an anonymous writer in "Blackwood's," basing his view on Mr. Fitzpatrick's revelations, makes abundantly clear. If in his book Mr. Fitzpatrick dotted the i's, in some notes in the "Fortnightly" he may be said to cross the t's. Not the wrongs of the Uitlanders but Boer dreams of empire rendered war inevitable. Imperial solicitude on account of the Uitlanders forced the position and precipitated a conflict long contemplated by Mr. Kruger. Taken at a disadvantage, the British forces in South Africa have afforded the world an object-lesson possibly not wholly supererogatory. As a "Fortnightly" writer puts it, Tommy Atkins is now showing what he can do against not savages but white men with a reputation for deadliness of aim, and with advantages in the way of mobility and knowledge of the country, which, as we are reminded by "Blackwood," Tommy Atkins cannot possess. Lest however we should be inclined to crow too loudly over the deeds of our men and to magnify the crisis in which we find ourselves, Mr. Sidney Low devotes a "Fortnightly" article to showing what England faced in her "darkest hour" in 1797. Bankruptcy was imminent; mutiny was a fact; but England by an exhibition of fortitude which Prince Hardenberg described as worthy of ancient Rome, pulled through. England's enemies are hardly less numerous to-day than they were then; but they are less prepared to come out into the open. "Diplomaticus" in the "Fortnightly" enlarges on Count Muravieff's "Indiscretion" in visiting Spain and France with a view to utilising British preoccupation in South Africa for the purpose of wiping off scores elsewhere. In what direction did Russia intend to strike? The Far East probably. Mr. Holt Hallett in the "Nineteenth" and "Ignotus" in the "National" are prophets of a storm brewing in that part of the world. Russian ambitions are incompatible with both Japanese and British interests; Russia would like to be free to deal with Japan alone. England certainly could not afford to stand aside if Japan and Russia came to blows. Russian assurances as to her intentions count for little. An excellent article on Lord Lytton's Viceroyalty in "Blackwood's" quotes Count Shouvaloff's assurance to Lord Lytton that Russia had no intention of taking Merv; if she was obliged to occupy it, the occupation would be temporary. Everyone knows what happened a very few years later. Mr. R. E. C. Long in the "Fortnightly" says that Russian action is often due to fears of England. Her latest dread is that we intend to join Germany in schemes of railway construction in Asia Minor which will cut her off for ever from the Indian Ocean. The apprehension of Anglo-German competition may drive her to construct a railway from the Volga to India itself. If such a line would have the result anticipated by Mr. Long of removing so many of the prejudices which remain it would do vast service. But prejudice is ineradicable whilst the Merv, Batoum and Port Arthur manœuvres are capable of repetition and whilst a Muravieff can unblushingly follow up a Russian peace conference by such evidence of Muscovite goodwill as has recently been forthcoming.

The time for reconstruction in South Africa is not yet, but no harm will be done by discussion of the lines which the settlement should follow. It is pleasant to find two eminently sane articles on the Transvaal in the "Contemporary," one by "An Officer" the other by Dr. Guinness Rogers. The Boer must divide with Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner, says Dr. Rogers, responsibility for the war; he deprecates extreme views and finds nothing incompatible with Liberal ideals, whatever they may be, in an Imperialism which is defensive and not offensive. "An Officer" tells the readers of the "Contemporary" that the time has passed for the magnanimity. But the settlement whilst not leaving the Boers any opportunity to challenge British paramountcy in the future must be and will be just. Mr. Sidney Low in the opening article in the "Nineteenth" anticipates chiefly difficulties ahead—the easiest of things to do as he admits, but it is a process not without its uses. The article which affords the most statesmanlike view of possibilities is Sir Sidney Shippard's, also in the "Nineteenth." He suggests the incorporation of the Free State and the Transvaal in the Colony of Natal. If only as a political and commercial counterpoise to Cape Colony there is he thinks much to be said in favour of such a scheme. If it were adopted, somewhere about the middle of the next century the Dutch might be as loyal members of a South African Dominion as the French Canadians are now of the North American Dominion. In any case we may hope that the present conflict will be the

last to be waged between the British and a Dutch race. In a very able survey of the relations of English and Dutch in the past, Mrs. Richard Green in the "Nineteenth" points out that "for seven centuries, from the founding of Amsterdam in 1204 to the founding of Johannesburg, the English and Dutch have seen in the success of either people a menace to the other." When England has broken the power of the Boers at Pretoria as completely as she broke the power of the Dutch at Camperdown the final reckoning in a long account will haply be taken.

## THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

### *Revue des Deux Mondes.* 1 December.

The article in this Review which will excite the most interest among English readers is M. Augustin Filon's on the condition of Hindu society and the effect of European education in India. M. Filon takes no exaggerated view as to the possibilities which lie before the Babu. So long as Hindu society is constituted on the basis of the degradation of woman there is no prospect of the development of its men into a governing class. M. Filon does not say, as he well might, that it is to such social reforms rather than to political utopias that the so-called "National Congress" might devote its attention. But he does not conceal his conviction that a century or more of Christian teaching and Western ideas have led to little more than the adoration of Ram Krichna's slippers under the auspices of "twenty young men who have received a superior education." M. Filon is not consciously unfair but he does not give quite the credit due to the English Government for the advance that has been made. It is never possible to legislate very far in advance of popular opinion, especially in the case of religious views so tenaciously held as those of the Hindus. The Duc de Broglie commences a series of articles on the creation of the Belgian Kingdom which should afford interesting studies in Dutch methods of dealing with the political rights of subjects not of their own race.

### *Revue des Revues.* 1 December.

Although the "Vie de Bohème" is perhaps the most popular piece in the répertoires of the Opéra Comique and the Comédie Française, and the book itself is almost a classic, M. Camille Maclair—in the *Revue des Revues*—thinks it necessary to condemn both the book and the play, and then Murger. He has no sympathy with Marcel, Rodolphe, Schaunard and Colline: they are brutal, they are brawlers. He sees no gaiety in their adventures; no wit in their speeches; no fun in their frolics. "Les tours de rapins," he goes on, "y sont plus grossiers que comiques, les tirades sentimentales et amoureuses y sont d'une platitude amphigourique tout à fait digne des rez-de-chaussée de petits journaux, les rares expositions d'idées artistiques y font pleurer par leur insignifiance; ces artistes parlent comme des coiffeurs et ne produiront jamais rien; ils sont fainéants et même sans cœur." After so determined and sweeping a statement it would be idle to argue with M. Maclair. He does not understand the spirit of the students; he sees in their insolvency and inconsistency black crimes, while we, ourselves, give them credit for generosity, kindness of heart, invariable optimism and true wit. Their morals, we know, are not high, but then—whose morals are in France? They, at least, do not stoop to the petty meannesses, cruelties and vices that flourish on "the other side."

### *Revue de Paris.* 1 December.

The first instalment of a new novel by M. Marcel Prévost appears in the current number of this popular review. It opens well, in M. Prévost's best style: that is to say it promises a stirring love story, many amazing incidents and, of course, the inevitable betrayal. Then, M. Jules Dietz contributes an interesting paper on the reforms that should be introduced into the "Conseils de Guerre;" and M. Michel Corday a careful examination of the part to be played by the foreign Powers in the coming Exhibition.

### *Revue Britannique.* 25 November.

The articles in the *Revue Britannique* are devoted almost exclusively to reviews of English books. They enjoy unlimited space, and thus in this number are able to offer comprehensive criticisms of Mr. H. A. Bryden's *Kloof and Karros*, and the *Journal of Sir Walter Scott*. A paper on "Le Travail à la Ville et aux Champs en Angleterre" is also exceedingly interesting. In reply to the odious insults and abuse that have been heaped on England by many French papers of late, the *Revue Britannique* says: "Il est pénible, toutefois, en ce qui concerne nos relations avec la Grande-Bretagne, de s'entendre rappeler que le langage de la presse anglaise, lors de nos désastres en 1871, était bien différent de celui que la presse française tient aujourd'hui; que plus de 3 millions furent souscrits alors en Angleterre pour nous venir en aide; qu'après le siège de Paris le colonel Stuart-Wortley et M. George Moor apportèrent aux assiégés affamés soixante-huit tonnes de subsistances; que plus d'un million fut souscrit pour distribuer des semences."

aux paysans français; que le comité de Londres seul envoya 150000 francs de secours en France; que la caisse de secours anglaise réunit 250000 francs pour nos réfugiés et 125000 francs pour nos blessés. S'il ne faut pas trop compter sur la reconnaissance des peuples, ce ne serait pourtant pas trop exiger que d'en demander un peu aux individus."

*Revue Bleue.* 25 November.

"The rôle of the English Fleet" is M. Art Roë's contribution to the *Revue Bleue*. He is accepted as a competent judge of all naval and military affairs; and, did we also accept him in that capacity, we should fear for the safety of India. He points out what Russia intends to do in the East, and sees disaster ahead (for the English) when she is once established in Afghanistan. Lighter, and more interesting, are the "Silhouettes Parisiennes" of "Ladig," and the "Mouvement Littéraire" by M. André Beaunier.

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Abraham Lincoln: the Man of the People (Norman Hapgood). New York: The Macmillan Company. 7s. 6d. net.

"Leaders of Religion:" Hugh Latimer (R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle). Methuen. 3s. 6d.

The Life of Wellington: the Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain (The Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. 2 vols.). Sampson Low. 36s. net.

Sir Arthur Sullivan: Life-story, Letters, and Reminiscences (Arthur Lawrence). Bowden. 6s.

Charles A. Berry, D.D.: a Memoir (James S. Drummond). Cassell. 6s.

"Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture:" Luca Signorelli (Maud Cruttwell). Bell. 5s. net.

Letters of David Ricardo to Hutches Trower and Others, 1811-1823. (Edited by James Bonar and J. H. Hollander). Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.

Journals and Papers of Chauncy Maples, D.D., F.R.G.S., late Bishop of Likoma, Lake Nyasa, Africa (Edited by Ellen Maples). Longmans. 6s. 6d.

## CLASSICS.

The Gods of Old; and the Story that They Tell (Rev. James A. Fitz-Simon and Vincent A. Fitz-Simon). Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

The Letters of Cicero: The Whole Extant Correspondence in Chronological Order (Translated into English by Evelyn S. Shackburgh). Vol. I.—B.C. 68-52; Vol. II.—B.C. 51-49. Bell. 10s. the two vols.

## FICTION.

Diomed: the Life, Travels and Observations of a Dog (John Sergeant Wise). New York: The Macmillan Company. 7s. 6d. net.

The Princess Xenia (H. B. Marriott Watson). Harpers. 6s.

The Siren's Web (Annie Thomas). Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

A Voyage at Anchor (W. Clark Russell). White. 6s.

One Queen Triumphant (Frank Mathew). John Lane. 6s.

The Trail of the Sandhill Stag (Ernest Seton-Thompson). Nutt. 3s. 6d. net.

Anyhow Stories for Children (Mrs. W. K. Clifford). Duckworth. 3s. 6d.

My Lady and Allan Darke (Charles Donnel Gibson). New York: The Macmillan Company. 6s.

Donna Teresa (F. M. Peard). Macmillan. 6s.

Chinatown Stories (C. B. Fernald). Heinemann. 6s.

Treasure Island (R. L. Stevenson). Cassell. 6s.

Mabel's Prince Wonderful (W. E. Cule), 2s. 6d.; The Boys and I (Mrs. Molesworth), 3s. 6d.; Princess and Fairy (Lily Martyn), 2s.; The Odds and the Evens (L. T. Meade), 6s.; A Good-Hearted Girl (Emma Marshall), 3s. 6d.; Dorothy Dot (Elizabeth Westyn Timlow), 3s. 6d.; Nancy's Fancies (L. E. Haverfield), 2s. 6d.; Fix Bay'nets (G. Manville Fenn), 5s.; Light o' the Morning (L. T. Meade), 5s.; Peril and Prowess (G. A. Henty), G. M. Fenn, A. Conan Doyle, and Others), 5s.; The Unjust Steward (Mrs. Oliphant), 3s. 6d.; The Spy in the School (Andrew Home), 3s. 6d. London: W. and R. Chambers.

In the Coils of the Serpent (Marguerite Rosso). Drane. 6s.

Vengeance is Mine (Andrew Balfour). Methuen. 6s.

Via Crucis (Francis Marion Crawford). Macmillan. 6s.

The Golden Age (Kenneth Grahame). John Lane. 6s. net.

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Cupid's Pupils, from Courtship to Honeymoon. Pearsons. 3s. 6d.

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In a State of Nature (Alfred Clark). Sampson Low.

The Undoing of John Brewster (Lady Mabel Howard). Longmans. 6s.

Mora (T. W. Speight), 6s.; The Tragedy of the Lady Palmist (W. Luther Longstaff), 2s. 6d.; A Son of Africa (Anna Comtesse de Brémont), 6s. Greening.

## HISTORY.

Reservation of the Holy Eucharist in the Scottish Church (F. C. Eeles). Aberdeen: Jolly and Sons.

The Clarke Papers: Selections from the Papers of William Clarke (Edited for the Royal Historical Society by C. H. Firth. Vol. III.). Longmans.

Transactions of the Royal Historical Society (New Series. Vol. XIII.). Longmans.

"The Story of the Nations:" Modern Spain 1788-1898 (Martin A. S. Hume). Unwin. 5s.

The Passing of the Empires, 850 B.C. to 330 B.C. (G. Maspero). Edited by A. H. Sayce. Translated by M. S. McClure. S.P.C.K.

The Conquest of England (John Richard Green. Two vols.). Macmillan. 10s.

A History of Eton College (Lionel Cust). Duckworth. 5s. net.

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A History of New Testament Times in Palestine, 175 B.C. to 70 A.D. (Shailer Mathews). New York: The Macmillan Company. 3s. 6d.

The Teaching of Christ: a Selection of Sermons from the Anglican Writings of the late Henry Edward Manning. Darton. 6s.

#### TRAVEL.

In the Valley of the Rhone (Charles W. Wood). Macmillan. 10s. net.

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Among English Hedgerows (Clifton Johnson). New York: The Macmillan Company. 8s. 6d. net.

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Backwater of Life, The, or Essays of a Literary Veteran (James Payn). Smith, Elder. 6s.

Hand and Soul. Reprinted from the German, MDCCCL. (Dante Gabriel Rossetti). Portland, Maine: Mosher.

Heptalogia, The; Under the Microscope (Algernon Charles Swinburne). Portland, Maine: Mosher.

How Soldiers Fight: an Attempt to Depict for the Popular Understanding the Waging of War and the Soldier's Share in It (F. Norreys Connell). Bowden. 3s. 6d.

Modern Bicycle, The (H. A. Garratt). Whittaker. 3s.

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**CALICO-PRINTING.**

As by its magnitude and its capacity for development the business of calico-printing is undoubtedly one of the most important of our textile industries, some details connected with the manufacture, obtained by a personal visit to several of the works, will be found of general interest at the present moment.

Pliny, in his "Natural History," records that this industry was known and practised in Egypt in the first century. The art appears to have had its origin in India, and to have made its way thence to the land of the Pharaohs. Somewhere about the end of the seventeenth century we find that calico-printing became known to Europe, the Dutch East India Company doubtless carrying its secrets to the Low Countries. The art is next heard of in this country, the year 1676 witnessing its introduction to the vicinity of the Metropolis; and about 1738 it seems to have taken firm root in and around Glasgow. The date of the introduction of calico-printing into its chief centre, Lancashire, is believed to be 1764; and, according to the late Mr. Benjamin Hargreaves, a calico-printer of note, the industry was first practised in that part of the kingdom by Messrs. Clayton, of Bamber Bridge, near Preston. The father of the "great" Sir Robert Peel started calico-printing in the north-eastern part of Lancashire about the year 1770; and it may not be uninteresting to point out that Messrs. Peel's works were first at Brookside, a village near Blackburn, and later at Church, close to Brookside. About the same time the Peels began printing on an extensive scale at Sawley, near Clitheroe, at Burnley, and at Foxhill Bank, near Church. Offshoots of Church were the print works at Sadden and Primrose, near Clitheroe, Sunnyside, Oakenshaw, and Broad Oak, near Accrington. Steam-power, although first applied to calico-printing towards the end of the last century, soon after the application of the engraved copper roller, or machine-printing, was not in very much use until 1816, previous to which the machinery was driven by water. Until the "thirties" printing in this country was mainly confined to cotton fabrics. The French were the first to print on *mousseline de laine*, or a mixture-cloth of wool and cotton; and about 1836 this branch of the business spread to England. The first practical printing-machine using copper rollers and "doctors" (*i.e.* blades) for scraping off surplus colour was probably that of Thomas Bell, under a patent dated 17 July, 1783. This machine was first put to work at Preston, at the works of Livesey, Hargreaves and Co., in 1785. Whether, however, it was a practical success may reasonably be doubted. Probably the introduction of machine-printing in this country as a practical industrial art dates from the beginning of this century—say about 1815.

It will give some idea of the extent of the English and Scotch calico-printing industry if we state that its products are to be seen in almost every drapery shop and bazaar in the world. It is an education to glance through the scores of bulky pattern-books ranged in many rows in the warehouse of each firm, and to note the various classes of goods demanded by each "market." India, China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, South America, Egypt, Africa, Java, and other countries, all require different styles; but the designers are equal to the demands on their inventive powers, with the result that the combinations of colour and form are numbered by thousands. What appeals to the æsthetic taste of the Japanese would be caviare to the subjects of the Shah, and the ladies of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video might view askance the fabrics which command a ready sale in India and China.

The term "calico-printing" conveys to the general public a totally inadequate idea of the vast scope of the business. "Calico-printing" includes all kinds of printed cotton fabrics—lawns, muslins, sateens, brocades, and flannelettes. Then there are those lovely cretonnes, chintzes, and fancy prints; nor must we forget those "mercerised" fabrics which, although of cotton, very closely resemble silk. This extensive industry is located mainly in the neighbourhood of Manchester and the vicinity of Glasgow. Where do all those smart dresses and fascinating blouses come from if not from these calico-printing manufactories in Lancashire and Scotland? From the same source come the coloured shirts worn alike by prince and peasant, the neat print dresses of our domestics, and even the printed cotton pocket-handkerchiefs which are turned out by the million. In the East men are largely dependent on the calico-printer for their clothing. We look around our houses only to find that the window-blinds and the muslin curtains, the eider-down quilts, and the gay chintzes which cover our furniture have a common origin—those huge factories which nestle in the lovely valleys of the North, unseen and unthought of by the great world, the bulk of whose denizens are dependent upon the busy toilers for so many of the luxurious adornments and comforts, and what have even become the necessities, of life.

The interiors of these manufactories excite our admiring wonder, and as we make a tour through the various departments, and note the endless processes undergone by what is technically known as the "cloth" before it is fit to adorn our figures and homes, it is easy to recognise both the vast extent of the trade and the enormous amount of the capital invested in it. Look at those rows of machines panting and throbbing

as they impress miles of fabric with beautiful and multicoloured designs! Glance at the massive copper rollers whereon are engraved the patterns. Observe that room after room contains machinery for its own special purpose: here for bleaching, drying, steaming, and stentering (*i.e.* stretching) the cloth—there for removing the nap, or loose threads, from the fabric before it is fit to print upon; for giving a silk-like sheen to it, for measuring it yard by yard, and even for folding it on flat boards or winding it round rollers, before dispatching it on its way up and down the world. There are the engraving-rooms to enter before the visitor has completed his perambulation of one of these palaces of human industry of which we are proud in proportion as our knowledge of them increases. The designs are engraved on the copper rollers in various ways—all too technical to warrant even the briefest description here. The task of perpetuating these designs for the best and most expensive class of production—namely, chintzes, sateens, and muslins—calls for as much skill as is bestowed upon line engravings of the works of famous artists.

The rollers used by the calico-printer are very costly, made as they are either wholly of copper or occasionally of copper veneered on iron shells or cases; consequently a large stock of rollers represents many thousands of pounds—approaching £100,000 in some instances. It is not unimportant to note that whereas, speaking generally, the ordinary, or Caxtonian printer has not yet found it possible to employ more than one colour at a time, the calico-printer has long gone considerably more than “one better,” for everywhere we see several colours being printed at once, while in some of the larger establishments are to be found reversible machines printing sixteen colours simultaneously—that is, eight colours on each side of the fabric—and in exact “register,” a term implying complete accuracy of printing, no colours overlapping or running into the others. All the processes of calico-printing have their fascinating sides; but there is no more wondrous, if slightly bewildering, spectacle than that presented by forty or fifty machines in full work, producing innumerable “lengths” of artistic fabrics—sateens, chintzes, muslins, and the rest, some for home use, and more—much more—destined for transmission to the uttermost parts of the earth, where, despite heavy protective duties, the beautiful and wondrously varied productions of our calico-printers are welcomed with increasing appreciation.

The visitor who desires to interrogate his obliging cicerone on any points in the various processes of calico-printing should do so when he is being conducted over the leviathan warehouses, for at the works themselves a sustained conversation is next to impossible, owing to the clatter of machinery, save in the quiet engraving-rooms, where one hesitates to speak above a whisper. It is a characteristic of these northern seats of labour that the work seems to proceed with a minimum of verbal instruction or explanation. There is a serious gravity on all the countenances, from the highly skilled (and highly paid) engravers and printers down to the boys and girls who are already bread-winners, and you may really walk through one “works” after another without hearing a word spoken save by your guide. There is one department, indeed, in which even the shouting of a leather-lunged Boanerges would be futile; it is known by the innocent title of the “beetling”-room. A fearful and wonderful process is “beetling,” suggestive of an invisible and infuriated Paderewski pounding away at the keys with the full intent of driving his next-door neighbour into a lunatic asylum. “Beetling,” however, has its particular value, the series of hammers, or keys, or whatever their right designation may be pummelling the finished goods—sateen and mercerised fabrics—until an additional gloss appears upon them; but the din would suffice to have aroused the Seven Sleepers from their lethargic slumbers, and to have kept them awake for ever! “Beetling,” however, appears to be the exception rather than the rule.

In the majority of cases the fabric—the “cloth”—is received by the calico-printers from the mills in its unbleached state; “in the grey,” as it is called. Certain firms, however, buy the raw cotton and put it through all the processes of spinning, weaving, bleaching, dyeing, printing, embossing, and mercerising, plus the numerous washings, steamings, and dryings which all the cotton fabrics undergo. Embossing is, perhaps, only done by one or two firms; its object is to add an extra attraction to the material, more especially to linings and dyed sateens. This process is alternatively known as electric finishing, and it is even claimed for it by some that cotton goods so treated—and it may be added that any pattern can be embossed on the “cloth”—have a more silk-like appearance than those which are mercerised. At one very extensive Lancashire “works” they have been turning out khaki for the use of our troops in South Africa, this enterprising firm both making and dyeing the cloth. Velvet-printing, too, is done here. Of the processes of stiffening, filling, examining for the slightest blemishes and correcting them, hydraulic pressing, and packing the goods no further mention need be made.

A few figures, dealing not only with the amalgamated firms but with the trade as a whole, will help the reader to a clear understanding of the position of this British industry. During the last five years (we quote from the Board of Trade returns) the exports of prints have on an average amounted to the

gigantic total of 977,000,000 yards, valued at £10,444,000 per annum. What these figures mean will perhaps be better realised if we state that every year there is exported from the United Kingdom a length of printed calico sufficient to go a score of times round the world! Not less than half a million tons of coal are annually burnt in the manufactories. Very large quantities of water, of good quality, are required, and probably in all some forty or fifty million gallons are used daily at the various works—a startling quantity when it is remembered that the average daily consumption of Manchester, including Salford and the surrounding districts, is about thirty-two and a half million gallons. As in the dyeing trade, chemistry plays a leading part in calico-printing, and of a very curious character are many of the substances employed. Castor-oil, for instance, is a powerful agent in the fixing and brightening of various colours; indeed, it is so largely in demand that certain firms each use as much as 100 tons of it yearly.

At a time when foreign competition is the bugbear of so many branches of our commerce, it is satisfactory to be assured that, in respect of neutral markets, it is a “negligible quantity” as regards the calico-printing industry. Wherever our calico-printers have a fair field they can easily hold their own. In the home trade the importation of foreign prints has largely decreased during the last ten years; and it is gratifying to our patriotism to know that whereas formerly “French prints” (as they were accurately termed prior to the Germanisation of Alsace, the seat of the industry in those parts) were imported to a considerable extent, the great majority of them are now produced in England or Scotland. It is interesting to know that one Lancashire firm at least has established a manufactory in France, and there, by means of English capital and under English superintendence, produces goods which are sent out to compete on equal terms with those of France.—*Illustrated London News*.—[ADVT.]

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